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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

An "Emperor of America" Story

"The Nomination"
A short story
By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

JEFF FOSTER

AUG. 18, 1928

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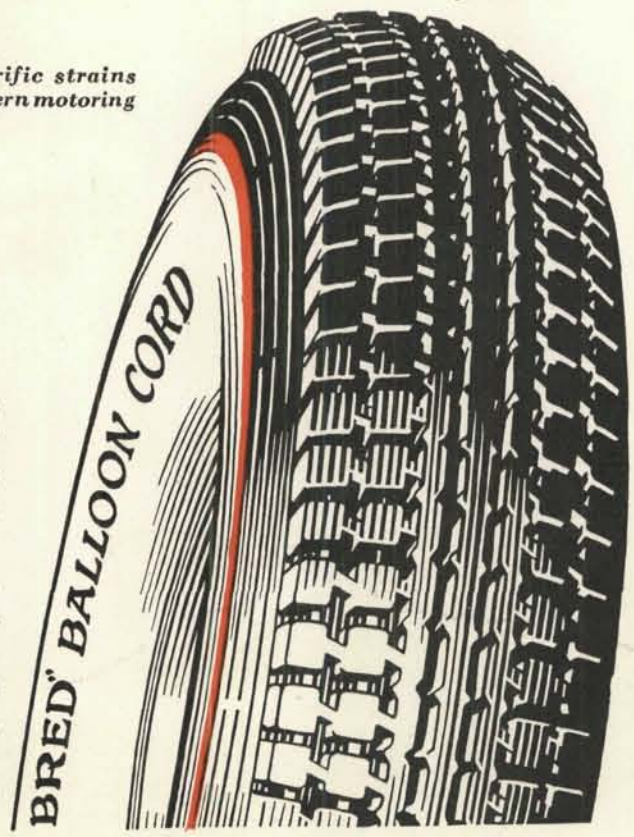

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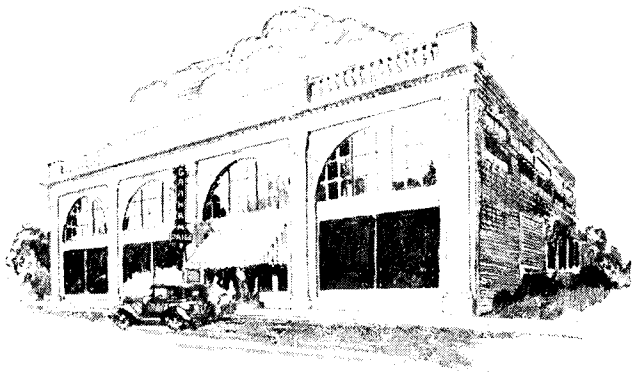

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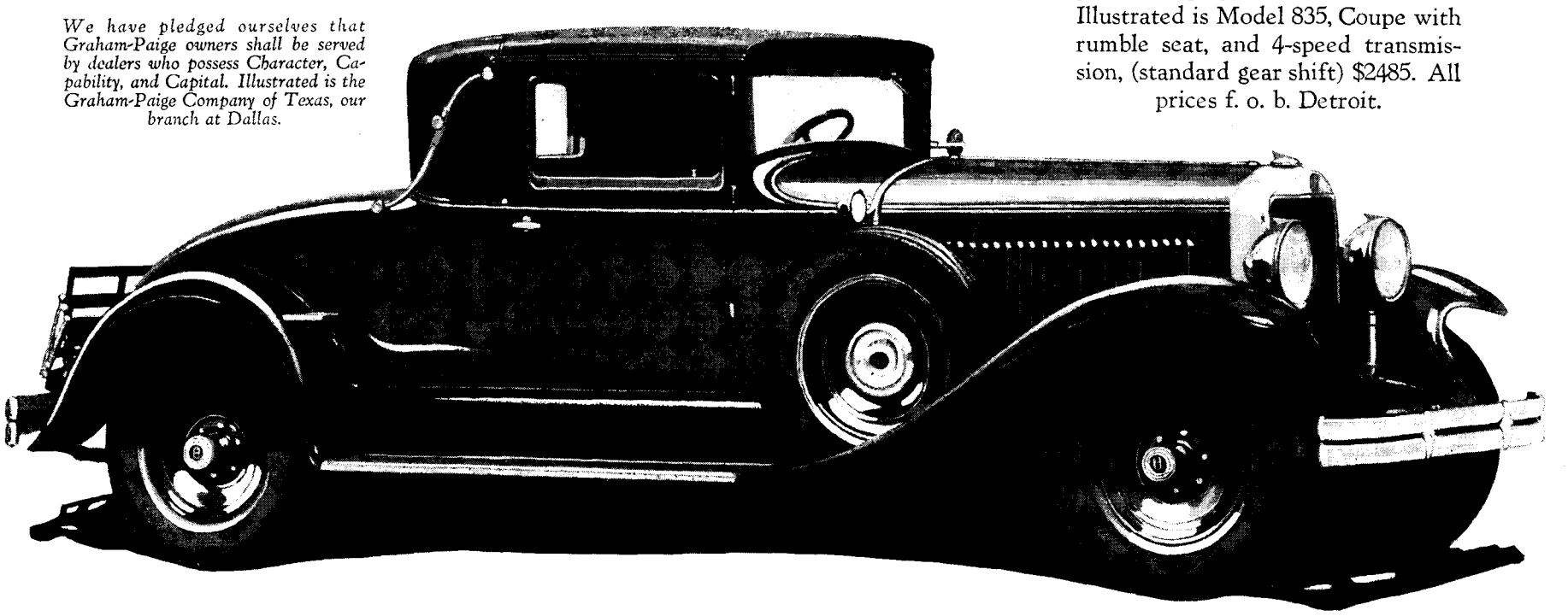

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The Nomination

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrated by CLARK FAY

For how much do promises count in a big political race?

YOU could have heard that loud speaker six blocks away. "Shut the thing off," I said to Cummock.

"That's fifty-one minutes they've been cheering for Landers," he said.

"That's fifty minutes longer than they'll mourn his death," I told him.

"Those delegates are a lot of sheep," said Duveen. "First thing you know, Craven, they'll be out of hand—"

"Say," I said, "if you yellow bums are gonna be stampeded by a lot of yells—sheep mill around a while, but you notice they usually get back home O. K."

"Landers is pretty strong with the delegates," said Cummock.

"Well, what has that to do with the nomination?" I asked.

"His delegates will stay with him to the bitter end," said Duveen.

"Sure, they will," I said.

"He's stronger with the rank and file of the party than anyone else," said Cummock.

"Sure, he is," I said.

"Look at the reception he got all over the country on that April tour of his," said Duveen.

"I'm looking," I said.

"The farmers are all for him," said Cummock.

"So are the working men," I said.

"The small business men are nutty about him," said Duveen.

"Ain't it the truth?" I agreed.

"And he's jake with the Catholics and aces with the Protestants," said Cummock.

"The atheists like him too," I said.

"And the Wets are for him, and the Drys think he's fine," said Duveen.

"Makes it almost unanimous for Landers, don't it?" I said.

"Gosh, I don't see how he's going to be kept out of the nomination," said Cummock.

HE PULLED the plug on the radio, and we heard a leather-lunged guy announcing that the demonstration for Landers had now continued for fifty-nine minutes.

"Shut it off," I said.

Cummock pushed in the plug. He grinned at me. "Looks like a cinch for Landers, Chief," he said.

"They was betting on Bill the Kaiser around this time fourteen years ago," I said.

"But you can't keep Landers out of the nomination," cried Duveen.

"You couldn't keep the Kaiser out of Paris," I said.

"Chief, *everybody* wants Landers nominated," said Cummock. "And he'll make a swell President. Good-looking—the women are crazy about him."

"He's got everything, almost, ain't he?" I said.

"What do you mean, *almost?*" asked Duveen.

"I mean he's got everything but the nomination," I said.

"Chief, you ain't going to bat your brains out against a stone wall, are you?" asked Cummock.

"I ain't," I told him.

"Then why don't you pass the word along that you're for Landers?" he begged.

"That's a question; why don't I?" I said.

"He'll treat the organization fair," said Duveen.

"Ain't that nice of him? Who wants fair treatment? The organization would get fat on fair treatment, now, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"If Landers is nominated over your opposition, it'll hurt your prestige," said Duveen.

"Don't make me cry," I said. "Gimme a drink," I said.

"You're my pal, Chief, but—politically—nothing doing"

Cummock poured me a shot of Scotch.

"Here's to the candidate," said I. "Whoever he is, here's to him."

I downed my shot of Scotch.

"That's a loyal sentiment, Chief," said Duveen. "Whoever he is, you're for him. That's good loyal sentiment. The party first and the candidate second. That's loyal."

"Yes, loyal and me mean the same thing," I said. "Turn on the radio, Duveen."

Duveen pulled out the plug. The fathead at the mike told us that after sixty-seven minutes the demonstration for Landers was still going as strong as ever.

"Maryland has joined the parade," we could hear him shout. "The band is playing 'Maryland, My Maryland!' Senator Wolpus of Maryland has grabbed a Landers banner and is waving it."

"Cripes," said Duveen, "if Wolpus withdraws and gives Maryland's vote to Landers—"

"Kennicott of California is leading the California delegation into the parade." That announcer was a simple bird; he was almost crying. "They're singing 'California, Here I Come'!"

"It looks like Landers by acclamation," said Duveen.

"Don't it?" I said.

CUMMOCK was almost crying. "Chief, I've stayed with you through thick and thin, but I can't hold my seat in the Senate if I oppose Landers."

"Maybe you think you can hold it if you oppose me," I said.

The poor fish wrung his hands. Nice feller, Cummock, but no guts.

"Gosh, Chief, it ain't that I'm *against* you, it's that I think Landers is the party's hope. You said yourself, party first."

"Did I? I thought it was Duveen said that," I said. "Shut that dam' thing off."

Cummock pushed in the plug. The telephone rang.

"Answer it," I said.

Cummock answered. "This is Senator Cummock speaking. The Chief?" He turned to me. "Chairman Platt on the phone."

"Tell him I'm busy," I said.

"He's busy," said Cummock. He listened a minute. "What's that?" he cried. He turned to me. "Chief, the National Chairman says that Landers is within thirty votes of the nomination."

"Great," said I.

"He says he can't be kept out of it," cried Cummock.

"Well, that's fine," said I.

"He wants a word from you," said Cummock.

"Give him one," I said.

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"What?" he asked.

"Anything you like," I told him.

"Chief," whispered Duveen, "you can't offend the National Chairman."

"I can't?"

"No, you can't," he said.

"Well, that seems to be that," I said.

I got up and walked to the telephone.

"Hello, Platt," I said.

"Hello, Mr. Craven," said Platt. "Listen, Chief," he said, "it's a landslide for Landers. He gets it on the next ballot sure."

"Well, he must be feeling pretty good," I said.

"He'd feel better if he knew you were for him," said Platt.

"What does he care who's for him if the nomination is in his pocket?" I asked.

"Well," said Platt, "you know you're the most prominent man in the party."

"Is that so?" I said. "I thought Landers was."

"He will be if he gets the nomination," said Platt.

"Oh, *if* he gets it. I thought he had it," I said.

"Listen, Chief," said Platt, "you and he ought to get together."

"What for?" I asked.

"The leading candidate and the leading political power of the party ought to get together," he said.

"All right," I said.

"Shall I bring him around?" he asked.

"All right," said I. "Say," I said, "tell Wolpus and Kennicott to ring me up."

"Sure," he said.

I HUNG up and sat down again. "Pour me a shot of Scotch," I said to Cummock.

He poured me a shot of Scotch, and I downed it.

He drank one himself. "To the united party," he said.

Duveen looked hard at me.

"Chief, are you going to swing to Landers?" he asked.

"That rat!" said I.

The telephone rang, and Cummock answered it.

"Senator Wolpus of Maryland," he said.

"All right," I said.

I went to the telephone.

"How's it look?" I asked.

"Looks like Landers," he said.

"Your Maryland delegation caught the fever, didn't it?" I said.

"Well, they stuck to me for twelve ballots, and I released them after that," he said.

"Plenty of Landers sentiment in your delegation?" I asked.

"Nothing else," he said.

"Kill it," I said.

"Fine," he said. "Who'll I give it to then?"

"You'll know," I said.

I rang off. "Pour me a shot of Scotch," I said to Cummock.

He poured me a shot of Scotch and I downed it.

"You're going to oppose Landers?" whispered Cummock. His face was pale and his hands were shaking. "Chief, you can't get away with it."

"No, I suppose not," I said.

The telephone rang again, and Cummock answered it. He couldn't sit still a minute.

"Kennicott of California," he said.

"All right," I said.

I went to the telephone and spoke to Kennicott.

"Looks like Landers," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Quit him."

"Who'll we swing to?" he asked.

"Oh, anyone you like," I said. "Why not give my friend Senator Duveen a complimentary vote?"

"Anything you say, Chief," said Kennicott.

I hung up.

"Chief, that's mighty nice of you," said Duveen.

"Yes. I'm always doing something nice," I said.

"It'll please the wife and kids."

"It don't mean a dam' thing," I told him.

"Oh, you're always belittling yourself," he said. "Doing something that makes a man's family happy isn't nothing at all."

"Have it your own way," I said.

Cummock quit walking up and down.

"Chief, I've always been loyal, haven't I?" he asked.

"I don't know. Have you?" I asked.

"You know I have," he said.

"All right, then we both know it," I said. "What about it?"

"Chief, I've got to quit," he said.

"All right, quit," I told him.

"Landers is the popular choice of this convention," he said.

"I thought you'd quit. Why argue?" I asked.

"I don't want you to make any mistakes," he said.

"I won't," I said.

"Well, if you oppose Landers, you'll make a mistake," he said.

"Then I'll have to live it down," I said.

I turned to Duveen.

"You quitting too?" I asked.

Duveen grinned at me. "Not yet," he said.

"But by and by?" I asked.

"WHEN it serves my purpose to quit you, Chief, I'll quit all right," he said.

Nice feller, Duveen. Plenty of guts.

"Well, that's jake with me," I said.

"Still here, Cummock?" I said to him. "I thought you'd quit."

He stared at me. "I guess I'll stick, Chief," he said.

"Turn on the radio," I said.

He yanked the plug, and old Leather Voice joined our party again.

"California is about to vote on the thirteenth ballot," he said.

Good old Kennicott took the floor.

"California . . . votes . . . Senator Duveen of New York," he cried.

The announcer switched on. "The convention has gone wild," he said. "California has switched from Landers to Duveen."

I looked at Duveen. He was crying.

"I hope the wife and kids are listening in," he said. "Chief, that's the nicest thing ever happened to me."

"It didn't mean a dam' thing," I told him.

"That's what you said before, but it means everything. My family—" He just bust down and wept.

I turned to Cummock. He was properly excited.

"Say, Chief," he cried, "what's the matter with Jack here?"

"I thought you was for Landers," I said to him.

"Yes, but Duveen—"

I cut him short: "You crazy?"

"Don't be a dam' fool, Cummock," said Duveen.

Someone knocked on the door. Cummock opened it. Landers came in. He was a big, handsome guy. Hand shaker. I don't care a whole lot for hand shakers.

He got right down to business.

"Mr. Craven," he said, "the party leaders feel we ought to get together."

"Well, that's fine," said I. "Drink?"

He shook his head. "I'm within thirty votes of the nomination, and it seems certain that I'm to be the choice of the party."

"California has gone for Duveen," I said.

He stared at me, looking like a big punctured balloon. No guts.

"But—but—Kennicott—"

"Listen," I said.

The radio announcer told us that Wolpus of Maryland was about to cast his delegation's vote. We heard his voice.

"Maryland . . . votes . . . Duveen," he shouted.

Nice guy, Wolpus. I told him he'd know, and he did.

We could hear the convention crowd going crazy.

"Shut the dam' thing off," I said.

Cummock shut it off.

I looked at Landers. He was white.

"Chief," he begged. "I—"

"Vice president if you want it. Secretary of the Interior if you don't. Ambassador to London. What is it?" I asked.

"But the convention—the delegates—the primaries—the people—" he stammered like a hare-lipped boy. No guts. Couldn't take a beating any more than he could give one.

"You've left out me," I said.

"What's the matter with me? You don't like me," he said.

"We can't win with you," I told him.

"Why not? It isn't that. You don't like me," he said again.

"Sure, I don't. You're a double-crossing rat," I said. "But if we could win with you, you could be worse than that and I'd be with you. Your friends don't trust you, Landers. That's all."

HE STARED at me, and there was tears in his eyes. I don't mind a guy crying for joy, like Duveen, but I hate a guy that cries because he's licked.

"Turn on the radio," I said to Cummock.

He turned it on just in time for us to hear Ohio.

"O-hi-o, O-hi-o—"

"Ohio has joined the stampede to Duveen. Landers is losing steadily. Duveen now has 142 votes."

I looked at Duveen. There was that queer light in his eyes, you know, when Lady Luck bats you right over the head when you wasn't expecting her.

Cummock was dancing up and down.

"Chief," he yelled, "why don't you put it over?" (*Continued on page 40*)

"When it serves my purpose to quit you, Chief, I'll quit all right." Nice feller, Duveen

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"Just to settle a wager will you please tell me—?" Then the headache begins

What'll You Bet?

By GRANTLAND RICE

Illustrated by BURRIS JENKINS, Jr.

PROBABLY no other sports writer receives as much fan mail as Grantland Rice. The bets he is called upon to adjudicate would puzzle Solomon: Are the Yanks of 1928 stronger than the Cubs of 1906? Which calls for greater skill—golf or tennis? Or what have you?

THIS sporting life, as some philosopher has observed, may be checkered but it's never wholly dull. Not when you have something between 10,000,000 and 40,000,000 camp followers and participants growing a trifle red in the face as they take up a line of sport's pet arguments.

In opening my morning mail I can gamble without taking a long chance that about two letters out of five will start— "A bets B so-and-so and so-and-so. Who wins?"

One of the leading arguments of today concerns the comparative strength of the New York Yankees against the Cubs of 1906-07 or the Athletics of 1910-11. There is one contingent which rates the Yankees as the greatest ball-playing machine of all time. There is another group which insists that the Yankees are working in a weak league and are greatly overrated.

The Yankees of 1928 are playing a different game from the national pastime presented by the old Cubs and the old Athletics. As late as 1911 one Franklin Baker of the Athletics earned the title of Home-Run Baker because he struck off eleven home runs in a season and contributed a pair in a world's series.

Today there are thirty or forty ball players who will hit more home runs than Baker used in his rise to fame. When this present season was just half over there were ten ball players who had hammered out from twelve to thirty home runs.

The Cubs and the Athletics could hit. But they often worked for one run at a time when base running and bunting were still among the featured arts. Today base running and bunting count for little. It's slam and slash, blooie and 000. The number of tennis players is bing in a drive for four, five or six runs to an inning. In the old days, back when the Cubs were great, outfielding was also a more complete art. Outfielders then had to play for certain batters, in close or back out, to protect a wider range. Today the average outfielder walks back close to the fence and often enough stands there to watch fly balls drop over his head into the crowd.

The Yankees of today, headed by Ruth, greatest of all the sluggers, have as much power as any club in the history of the game. This power extends from the regulars on through the substitutes. They can all wallop the ball. They are also a fine defensive team, backed up by first-class pitching. But they have never been called upon to play as many varieties of baseball as the Cubs of 1906 or the Athletics of 1910.

The Yankees have had good pitching from Pennock, Hoyt, Pipgras and others, but who could say it was better than the pitching of Bender, Plank and Coombs, or Brown, Overall, Pfeister and Reulbach?

The Yankees have more all-around power, regulars and substitutes, than either the old Cubs or the old Athletics but they have never had to show or use as much inside all-around skill.

Tennis vs. Golf

THERE is another pet argument which still infests the mails. "Which game calls for the greater skill and which has the greater number of players—tennis or golf?"

The latter section is easy to answer. There are three or four golf players to one tennis player. Golf takes in all ages, from ten to ninety. There are tennis players over fifty, but the number isn't large.

The number of golf players must run somewhere between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000. The number of tennis players is something under a million.

Tennis calls for greater speed, for greater stamina, for greater variety of physical attributes. Tennis demands athletic qualities which are not needed in golf. A golfer might not be able to run a hundred yards in two minutes, and many of them are slower than that on the course—whereas foot speed is necessary in first-class tennis play.

The skill demanded in hitting a golf shot correctly is about equal to the skill called for in hitting a tennis ball. The fact that a tennis ball is traveling and a golf ball is stationary has little to do with the argument. It is easier to concentrate, to keep your eye on a moving object than on a motionless target.

Champions in either game must start young to build up a method of hitting instinctively correct. But no Walter Travis could start tennis at the age of thirty-six and win a championship. The physical side alone would stop him.

Tennis calls for quicker thought and greater strategy. Golf demands greater nerve control and greater repression. The two games are totally dissimilar. But this will not prevent the argument breaking out year after year.

Then there is the old argument which still comes bounding along as to how Jack Dempsey would compare with the old-timers—Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons or Jeffries. A well-known veteran fight critic said recently when I asked him about it that Dempsey would catch Corbett sure in two rounds—the Dempsey of Toledo—and knock him out. Another was just as sure that Dempsey would never lay a glove on the Corbett who beat Sullivan.

I asked Corbett about it. He credits Dempsey with the greatest ring spirit, the most aggressive attack that the game has ever known, going well beyond that of John L. Sullivan. But he doesn't believe Dempsey ever knew enough about boxing, about hitting fast men or protecting himself against hard punchers, to be rated in the first group.

Dan Hickey, for example, who trained Fitzsimmons, wants to know what would happen if Dempsey had come tearing into Fitz with an unprotected jaw as an open target for one of Lanky Bob's murderous smashes?

The Greatest Combination

ISN'T it enough to grant each man his specialty—Corbett as the master boxer; Jeffries as the strongest and the toughest; Fitz as the best combination of boxer and hitter; Johnson as the star defensive machine who caught punches as an outfielder catches a fly ball—and leave to Dempsey the credit for having the greatest ring spirit on assault, of being the most dramatic single figure of the heavyweight game?

The one point that seems to stand out is that Bob Fitzsimmons, pound for pound, boxer, puncher and fighter, was the greatest combination of them all. Jim Jeffries' head still rings when he thinks of the terrific mauling he took from Fitz in their second meeting, until Fitz cracked both aged hands upon a rocklike jaw.

The trouble is that comparisons of one decade or one generation with another are impossible, or nearly so. For example, there are Bobby Jones and Harry Vardon, who form another pet debate. Vardon came to the crest of his fame with a gutty ball. He was never as powerful as Jones, but more consistent down the fairway and up to the green. He was more machinelike in his accuracy—up to the edge of the green. But he was well back of Jones in short play just off the green or upon the green.

I saw them play together at Inverness in 1920. But Vardon was then about forty-five and Jones was just eighteen. Vardon led him by two or three strokes. But although twenty-seven years apart, their styles were worth a long journey to look upon. The Vardon of 1920 was not the Vardon of 1900. And the Jones of 1920 was not the Jones of 1928. And it is into these hidden pockets that most debates finally run.

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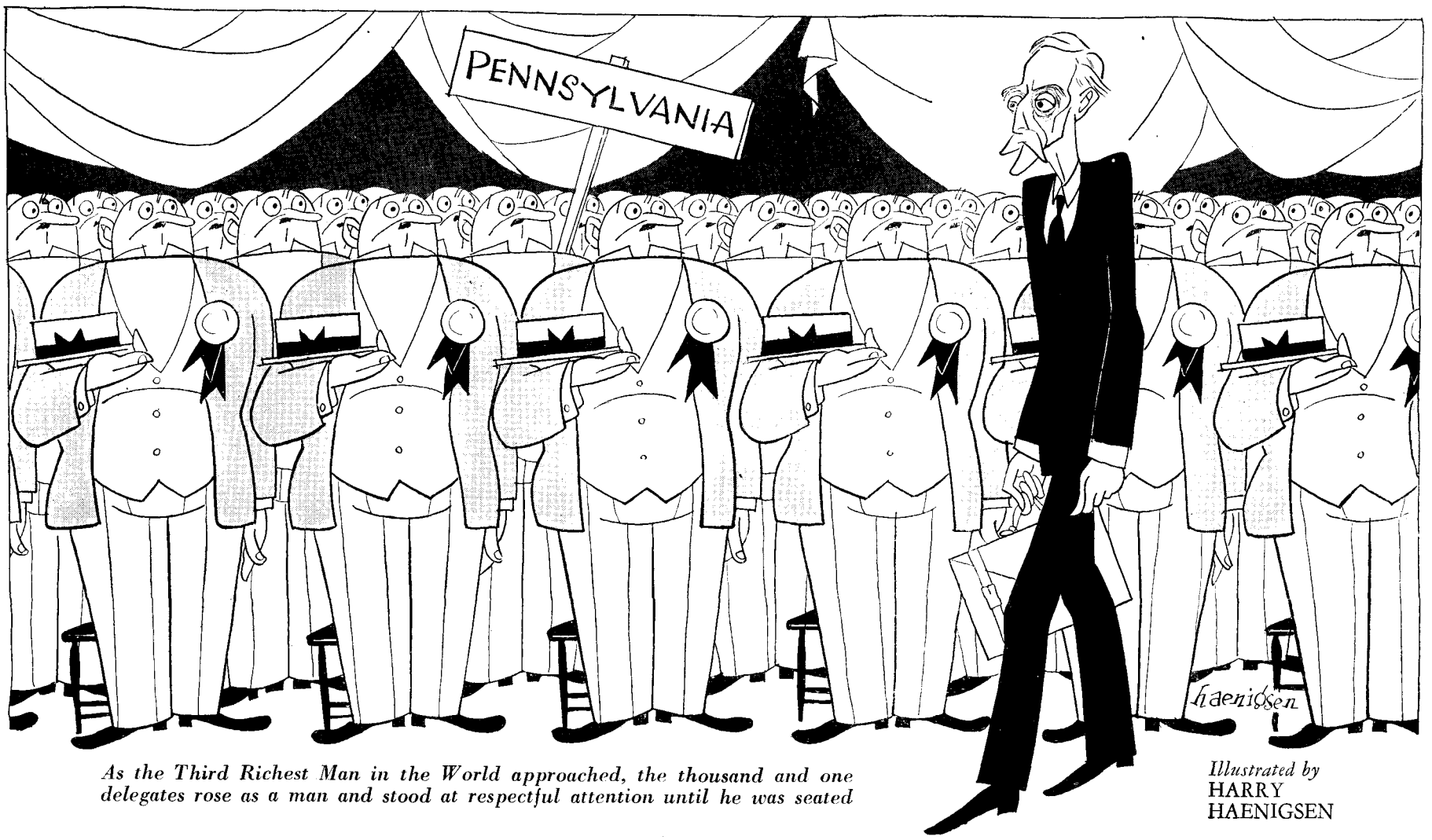

As the Third Richest Man in the World approached, the thousand and one delegates rose as a man and stood at respectful attention until he was seated

Illustrated by HARRY HAENIGSEN

Battle Hum of the Republic

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AS a voter William Allen White burns with convictions. As a journalist he is blessed with the ability to hold his own and opposing faiths at arm's length, turn them over and see what makes the wheels go round. He attended the Republican Convention as a delegate and as an observer for Collier's. At Houston he wasn't a delegate, but probably had just as much to say. In this article the astute Mr. White gives an impartial view of the line of battle. It is a livelier picture of the implications and the issues of this campaign than you could get from a library of inspired political literature.

THE national party convention is an incredible institution—peculiarly American. It must in some way derive from the Indian powwow. Externally the convention is noisy, clamorous, meaningless. Yet out of it, as from the powwow, the mob spirit by some deeply devious process, does rise and express itself.

Little of chance governs the convention. Indeed, if one were wise, he could see in the changing spirit of the convention through the decades the changing spirit of the times rising wraithlike above each clamorous multitude like the spirit of prophecy pointing the way of the following quadrennial.

But, viewed merely as a spectacle by one who knows nothing of politics, each of the wrangling, yammering mobs that met this year representing the two parties, the Republicans at Kansas City, the Democrats at Houston, was an interesting exhibit of mob psychology. Externally the spectacle of either convention was somewhat like that of the assembled ten thousands that crowd the bowls of the colleges in autumn to watch football—only their coats were off and the women were in gay colors and silk crêpes.

In Kansas City this year a comparatively small pit was surrounded by rising galleries. In Houston a wide pit was ringed by a still wider ascending flange at about a platter angle, so that buff humanity was spread like a vast smear of animated butter under the brown lid that made the roof. Fifteen thousand people or so hovered over the pit in Kansas City; something more than 20,000 ranged on the shallow rim of the great dish in Houston.

Both crowds yelled more or less for their favorites. Each crowd had its own temperamental expression. And out of that temperamental expression which was evidenced many times in many ways the differences of the parties were marked.

One wonders whether it was out of the times that the patent and indisputable similarities arose in the two conventions. Hoover's candidacy in the Republican Convention ran about the same course as Smith's ran in the Democratic Convention. The forces opposing each candidate represented rather broadly the old guard of the two parties. In the Democratic party the old guard came out of the old South. In the Republican party the old guard came out of the United States Senate and the national party organization. In each convention the old guard won the Vice-Presidential nomination in a burst of enthusiasm because in each convention the standard bearer of the organization became the logical candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

So it happened that while the two Presidential nominees stand for the new order with only the small characteristic differences between them that mark strong men, each Presidential nominee by tradition, by training, by environment and by cast of mind differs more from his own running mate than he differs from his opponent. And the two Vice-Presidential candidates, barring also small human differences, come out of the same political environment, look at life through political lenses colored somewhat differently but with the same focus.

All for the Common Good

CURTIS and Robinson might easily have made one ticket, Smith and Hoover another, if political lines were divided between conservatism and liberalism in American Politics, which they never are. Yet both conventions were shot through with a curious blend of liberalism and conservatism, Hamiltonian plutocracy and Jeffersonian democracy. And each mixed the blend in its own way. Moreover, each was manned by men with essentially different views of what the country should enjoy in the way of the common good.

When one finds in each convention its own deeply significant act one can point the way to the issues in the coming campaign and to a certain limited extent may see what political life in America for the next four years portends. So let us brush aside the mechanical scenes of both conventions.

It is interesting but hardly significant that the demonstration for Al Smith and the demonstration for Herbert Hoover lasted exactly the same number of minutes, that Curtis was the popular idol of the delegates in Kansas City and Robinson their real hero in Houston. It is unimportant to note the fact that the spectators in Kansas City were for Hoover and the spectators in Houston rather indifferent to Smith, while the delegates in Kansas City were personally without enthusiasm for Hoover whom they nominated, while the delegates in Houston were obviously for Smith. Those things were mere incidental phases of the two conventions. It was the unconscious, unprepared expression of the delegates in the two conventions which revealed the souls of the two parties.

Consider number one: At Kansas City on the second day the great hall was filled and the delegates all seated and ready for business. A thin wraith of a man whose lean, ashen face and veiled eyes disclosed not advancing years but a retreating spirit that would avoid all the intrusions of candor and the ministrations of joy, walked rather catlike into the convention and down the

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main aisle to the Pennsylvania delegation. He was Andrew W. Mellon, the Third Richest Man in the World; repeat that da capo pianissimo con amore to get the real effect of it: "The Third Richest Man in the World."

Well, for eight years this man, the Third Richest Man in the World, has been trying with all his might to divert at least one powerful agency of government toward the prosperity of his kind, the very rich. He is Hamiltonianism personified, this man with the passionless face and the thin long hands that cup deeply. And as he approached the Pennsylvania delegation the thousand and one Republican delegates rose as a man and stood at respectful attention until he was seated, like Kipling's "gentlemen unafraid" when God passed by. In that act of obeisance the soul of the Republican party stands naked and shining to the world.

But it is not quite so simple as that. No soul is expressed in one figure. There are always qualifications, restrictions, baffling negations, cross currents of which more anon.

Democrats Aflame

NOW for number two, the Democratic revelation: It came also on the second day of the convention. The permanent chairman had invoked the Democratic gods—Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland, Wilson, with the usual response: cheers of a sort, handclaps, an occasional rebel yell that always comes as the comic relief in any Democratic national convention. Wandering on, clearly not inspiring any deep enthusiasm, the orator touched casually upon our constitutional provision against any religious test for holding office. In a flash the convention was afire. Above the delegations of New York, New England, New Jersey, Illinois, Ohio and Louisiana, California and Montana to the West, above the heads of the delegates from all states in which some large town or modern city dominated the state delegation, banners began to dance and soon were on the move. A procession of dancing banners like the disembodied spirits of manikins flocked around the hall in a weird cyclone of yelling. No perfunctory cheering was that. There was the new spirit of Democracy.

The city man had come to Democratic conventions for a hundred years only to be treated like a stepchild by the representatives of the rural majority in the West and South. Within a decade industry has passed agriculture in American life. Now industry is beginning to dominate. With industries men have been swept into cities. Cities of old in America have been ruled by the Irish and the Irish have felt keenly and cruelly the handicap which their church has put on them in the upper reaches of American politics. And so in that hour the dominant phase of the Democratic spirit betrayed itself.

Of course this pageant was not so simple as it seemed. As with the picture of adoring plutocracy revealed at Kansas City, so with the spectacle of this surging aspiration for religious tolerance as it came forth in that unguarded moment in Houston, it was not the whole picture. A dozen—perhaps even more—confusing, protesting, contradicting, repudiating currents run through the heart of Democracy. But in this hour the vehement desire of those who have felt themselves beyond the pale in old America, who have felt out of sympathy with the Puritan ideals which have dominated our institutions and our politics, became a major force in the Democratic party.

Now let us hasten to set down balancing qualifications. It is not entirely, perhaps not even chiefly the denominational philosophy or creed of Roman Catholicism that gives blood and bone to this new body of political thought in the Democratic party. It is not even the Celtic or Gaelic element, the Mediterranean strain in our veins that makes this protest against the ancient major premise of American political reasoning, the Puritan concept that conscience should guide conduct rather than reasoning under organized authority. For Germans, Jews, Swedes and Slavs are banded with the Irish of New York, the French of Louisiana and the Italians of every Little Italy across the land in this burst of wrath against the Puritan concept of life.

It may be well to elaborate this Puritan concept a little. The basic major premise of Puritanism is that conscience is the ultimate authority in human conduct, that conscience is the still, small voice of God.

Now, this Puritan government of ours rests upon this thesis: when the conscience of all the people has registered in a ballot box, the registered common conscience of the majority must govern the minority. This registered conscience of the majority is law. It must govern the conduct of all whether the law prohibits murder, forbids selling liquor, penalizes peddling impure milk, discourages forging checks, bans horse racing, halts Sunday ball games, or bars speeding more than forty miles an hour.

Government, therefore, under democratic Puritanism, places moral authority in the state and not in either the individual or the church from which the individual sometimes may get his moral sanctions. For three hundred years, more or less, this doctrine has been called the American ideal. It has been growing and has become fairly generally accepted as the basis of democratic government on this continent.

Now it is violently challenged. Specifically this protest directs itself against the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and there hinges the issue of the campaign.

But prohibition is only a symbol of the rebellion which the new American feels when he meets the old order—the rural civilization of Puritanism, the Hamiltonian desire to make a prosperous, orderly world instead of a free and happy one.

The Rum Fiend Appears

EACH group, the Hamiltonian and the Jeffersonian group, approaches that issue with different syllogisms and different conclusions because each starts from a different premise. Your Hamiltonian who believes in prosperity is willing to give up a certain amount of his own liberty, and certainly he is willing to take a considerable amount of the other fellow's liberty from him, in order to secure a well-fed, well-clad, well-housed, well-schooled world in which the least amount of effort will produce the largest amount of bank clearings.

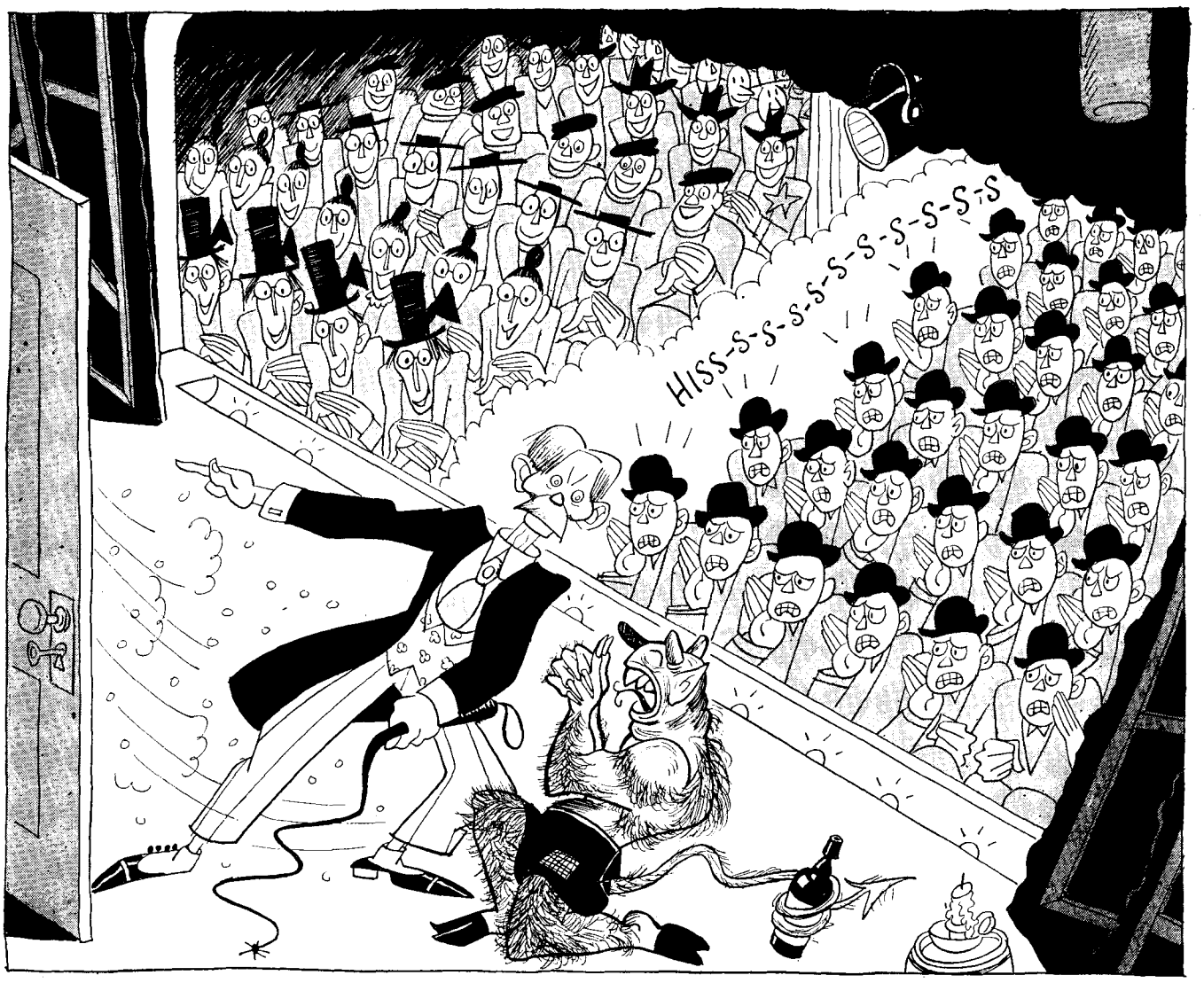
Being a Puritan, he is given to moralizing his economic issues. He did so when he made slavery, which was economic waste, hated of God. He does so now when he makes the saloon the home of the rum fiend. But at best from the Hamiltonian standpoint prohibition is a serious attempt to remove from civilization the tremendous waste that comes from the overstimulation of consumption in a habit-forming drug.

Your Hamiltonian believes that the overstimulation of consumption in liquor makes for accidents in industry, irregular hours and days, a prodigal use of wages by the worker, which, in turn, lowers the standard of living and restricts the market for other more useful goods turned out by an orderly industry—automobiles, lumber, oil, fuel, clothes, radios, schools, colleges, cotton goods and all the things advertised in the backs of the popular magazines. To turn the wages of the worker into these things instead of into the consumption of a drug which will make him wasteful and irresponsible and wreck his nervous coördination so valuable for industrial purposes, is the soul of the prohibition theory in the Hamiltonian heart.

The fact that the evangelical churches and the Anti-Saloon League and the moral forces of America dramatize this economic issue with the Demon Rum as their villain and Andrew Volstead as their hero, doesn't alter the basic reason why prohibition is a Puritan proposal deeply founded upon the economic needs of the Hamiltonian masters of industry. Nor does the fact that the masters themselves are unwilling to give up their preprandial cocktails and are irking under the bootlegger's prices and his badly cut liquor, change the profound implications of the prohibition movement. It is Hamiltonian Puritanism in full and lovely flower.

No one recognizes its fundamental implications more acutely than those urban Jeffersonians from across the water, even to the third and fourth generation. Whether they be Catholics, Jews or Greek Orthodox or members of lower and livelier cults, they know that here is an attempt to restrict personal liberty and that outwardly in its moral phase prohibition attempts to govern conduct under the institutionalized conscience of the majority rather than to have conduct governed by the constituted moral authorities, namely the church—or if they are beyond the pale, by the individual.

There is the clash. Here stands the major issue of the campaign. To Herbert Hoover, the (*Continued on page 32*)



The moral forces of America dramatize this economic issue with the Demon Rum as their villain and Andrew Volstead as their hero

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The Cardinal's Garden

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

In which Great Head Center is undaunted in the face of disaster

Momentarily the mask melted. Her features were those of Medusa, the destroyer

"WHO'S there?" cried Peter Champion.

A door at one end of the long room opened. Police Captain Daly came in.

"Hell!" said Peter Champion—and glanced apologetically in the direction of the only woman present.

She smiled forgiveness. Everybody was clewed up to tensest pitch, and Molly O'Hay understood. The niece of Deputy Commissioner Burke could readily excuse a harsh phrase from an excited man.

"No news," Daly reported.

Dr. Stopford removed his monocle and began to polish it as though this task were his only job in life. Drake Roscoe put an arm around his shoulders and gripped hard.

"Keep hold of yourself, old man!" he said quietly. "She will be found."

"I'm sure of it," Burke declared without conviction. He looked toward his niece. "I wish I'd taken Page Sutton's advice, though," he added, "and packed you off to Europe with your friend. Even Soviet Russia would be more healthy than this!"

Page Sutton nodded agreement. He had sent his daughter away with a party of friends a week earlier. Molly O'Hay, Burke's niece, had prevailed upon her uncle—largely through the influence of his brother—kindly Father Burke—to allow her to remain a while longer. A close observer might have come to the conclusion that the presence of Drake Roscoe had something to do with her earnest wish to stay.

But certainly of all places the country home of Peter Champion was no place for a rest cure, these days.

Ex-Governor Bronson, a hot favorite for the Presidency, had disappeared recently under mysterious circumstances. The Bronson home, in New York, had been partly destroyed by fire. Popularly it was supposed that Lewis Bronson had perished in the flames. Only Roscoe knew the astounding truth.

John Wilberforce Wright, now almost certainly future President, had been compelled by political affairs to leave New York. He was covered by a battalion of detectives.

Peter Champion and Page Sutton were his most influential backers. The Zones were out to defeat Wright. Peter Champion's country home was a good deal like a beleaguered fortress.

The brains controlling defensive measures against the most formidable criminal organization in history were gathered in the house. Armored planes, adjacent, were in readiness to take the air. Three military searchlights had been placed at selected points in case of a night attack by Zone air units operating from their, so far, undiscoverable base. The grounds were patrolled day and night. The immediate neighborhood was to all intents and purposes under martial law.

Such was the menace of the Zones.

It was felt that, until the Presidential die had been cast, anything might happen. Drake Roscoe distrusted every inch of New York City. And so the staff headquarters had been moved outside suspected areas.

AND now Stopford, having regained control of himself, turned to Ned W. Regan. At this phase of the campaign against Great Head Center they had assumed definite duties. The famous investigator was responsible for policing the grounds of the house. The job was entirely in the hands of members of his vast staff.

"I put it to you, Regan," Stopford said quietly. "You've examined every square inch of the place, inside and out. It bristles with blokes trained to hear a mouse breathin'—yet a member of the party goes for a stroll . . . and doesn't come back!"

"She hasn't passed the gates," Police Captain Daly assured him. "My men would challenge a fly!"

Burke's police were responsible for covering the house. Daly was in charge.

"It's still broad daylight," said Peter Champion hoarsely, and, addressing Regan: "she was seen by your man, Stevens, going down to the Cardinal's Garden—"

"The other man," Stopford broke in—"What's-his-name, on duty at end of said garden, reports she didn't come out that way! What's the answer?"

"There's no trace and no clue in the garden," Drake Roscoe assured him gravely. "You were with us, Stoppy, when we examined it."

The so-called Cardinal's Garden was a reproduction of Cardinal Wolsey's garden at Hampton Court Palace, London, lovingly copied under Peter Champion's supervision.

Molly O'Hay crossed the room and rested a hand on Stopford's shoulder.

"I'm dreadfully unhappy too," she whispered, and her eyes were very bright. "I love Fée. . . ."

Fée Czerna, ex-victim of the Zones, and Dr. Stopford's wife-to-be, had vanished, unaccountably, magically, from their midst!

IN a curious, circular room a woman was seated.

The room was white and spacious, and its ceiling was dome-shaped. The dome was faced entirely with mother-of-pearl and invisibly illuminated. The effect resembled moonlight. Outlined in ebony, a series of regular panels, the walls were of the same appearance.

Only one item of the appointments would have arrested attention: a large white table littered with papers and bearing also a number of odd-looking switchboards and a beautiful lacquer cabinet. Practically the circular white room was otherwise unfurnished.

But, strange though it was in its every detail, the woman seated at the table was infinitely more worthy of attention.

She wore a black velvet robe which fitted her like a second skin. Her white arms and shoulders were bare. Her hair, coiled low on her neck, had the true blue-black sheen. Hoops of diamonds depended from her ears. She had extraordinarily large, luminous, dark eyes and perfectly straight brows—two delicate, penciled lines.

She extended her hand. A slender finger touched a button on a keyboard. In the lacquer cabinet a red light sprang to life.

"G. H. Q.," said a guttural voice, apparently that of someone in the room of mother-of-pearl. But no one had entered.

"Report," the woman directed, in coldly unemotional tones, "of Divisional Chief B."

"To hand. Divisional Chief B, in personal charge of party covering Champion home, reports that area is divided as follows: House and grounds patrolled by men under Ned W. Regan; from outside by police under Deputy Commissioner Burke—Police Captain Daly in charge. Air squad units located as follows: two planes, at Seeger's Farm, one at Beach Meadow. Military antiaircraft parties with lights, no guns, at three points not identified. Timed 6:30. Report ends."

"Report of Zone Officer 2 C."

"To hand. Zone Officer 2 C reports that, operating from cutting under Champion home, Group Master 1, Zone X, carried out instructions re ex-Zone Officer Fée Czerna. Standing by. Timed 6:40. Report ends."

A moment of silence followed, then:

"Report," the woman directed, "of Group Master inside Champion home."

"To hand. Entire staff given a week's vacation. Employees of Ned W. Regan have replaced. Standing by at station. This report timed 5 P. M."

"It should have been transmitted immediately," the cold voice replied. "This is gross negligence. Connect Staff Officer 3."

A further interval of silence.

"Staff 3," came in suave, modulated tones.

"Take over," the woman ordered. "Staff Officer 2 is to stand by pending inquiry. An order is coming."

Further silence there was. The white room seemed to be removed from the world, it was so still.

"Instruct all divisional chiefs to

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stand by under emergency routine," the woman ordered. "This order cancels all foregoing. Zone Officer 2 C is to concentrate upon the niece of Deputy Commissioner Burke. This is urgent. Ex-Zone Officer Fée Czerna is to be brought to G. H. Q. at once. Move."

The red light in the lacquer cabinet went out.

"MANHATTAN is honeycombed with caverns," said Drake Roscoe. "So much I know. The fact must never be made public. But what I'm thinking is this: the geological formation of part of Long Island is much the same. So, why not Long Island as well?"

There was an awkward silence. Since the fire at the Bronson home, from which Roscoe had been rescued in an unconscious condition, opinion had been much divided on the subject of the extraordinary story he had had to tell. Regan more or less frankly admitted he didn't believe it. He put it down to delirium.

The idea that the city, universally supposed to rest upon solid rock, actually stood on the roof of a vast series of caves, was too unpleasant to bear thinking about. But one point in the story Regan was disposed to accept unconditionally—that ex-Governor Bronson, second favorite in the Presidential stakes, was Head Center. It was a theory he had held for some time. He welcomed confirmation.

"How does it help us?" Burke asked.

"It may not help us," Roscoe replied. "But it might explain Fée's disappearance."

"Gad," cried Stopford—"got you! Got you, old scout!"

"I'm kind of hazy on one point," Page Sutton broke in. "If Head Center is dead—and you seem to think he is, Roscoe—why are the Zones still active? And what have they got to gain, now, anyway, from kidnapping Madame Czerna?"

Drake Roscoe stared hard at the speaker.

"This," he said: "they can tie our hands. Head Center has gone, or so I believe, but Great Head Center remains. Only I know the identity of Great Head Center. I haven't shared the secret with anybody yet. If I had, it would have been with the five people here in this room. If we six could be silenced—"

"I've been in some danger spots in my life," Peter Champion said to Page Sutton. "But none of us ever were nearer sudden death than we are tonight right here in my own home!"

"With Roscoe's theory in view," said Stopford evenly, "what if we give another once-over to the Cardinal's Garden?"

His suggestion was immediately acted upon. Inertia was insufferable under the circumstances. And presently, in the early dusk, a party set out to investigate again the apparently insoluble problem of Fée Czerna's disappearance.

Page Sutton and Peter Champion remained behind. Regan, Burke, Roscoe and Stopford formed the quartette which made for the scene of the mystery.

Stopford's acceptance of the situation was heroic. As they walked through the dusk away from the house Roscoe glanced aside at his friend—who had lost the woman he loved and who knew too well in what peril she must be at this moment. For Fée Czerna's disappearance could mean only one thing: the Zones.

"Old man," he said, "I prevailed on you to bring her back to New York to help us with her knowledge of the damned Zone gang! This is all my fault."

STOPFORD walked on for ten paces. "Shut up, old scout," he then implored. "You're makin' me feel sentimental."

"I still think," said Roscoe, following a short silence, "that she's safe. She's being held as a hostage. The Manhattan caves were a temporary headquarters. I believe *Great* Headquarters to be located in Long Island—and I hope for much from the house-to-house search now going on."

"'Hope springs eternal,'" Stopford murmured dully.

"There's some big base near us," Roscoe assured him. "And there's one other hope, Stoppy: Tom Flynn, the master of the caves. He's blind and half mad. But if she's been taken to the caves, and Flynn can get in touch with me—"

A hidden watcher challenged them.

"O. K.," said Ned Regan. "Anything to report?"

"Not a thing, Chief."

Then, at the head of the steps leading to the Cardinal's Garden:

"Go easy," said a voice. "Who's this?"

It was growing rapidly darker.

"All clear, Stevens," said Ned Regan. "Any report?"

"No news, Chief."

They went down the steps. In the dying light the garden looked romantically beautiful. Trees were silhouetted against a perfect sky. Only distant pastoral sounds interrupted the peace—a peace which was utterly chimerical.

Before the sundial—a sixteenth-century piece imported by Champion—they paused.

"Odd," Stopford murmured—"but I thought I heard a strange voice!"

FÉE CZERNA heard and felt the elevator stop. She was pushed forward.

The scarf covering her eyes was of thin enough texture to enable her to see that she was now in a lighted place, whereas hitherto she had moved in darkness.

Details were hazy. She had walked out into the garden and had determined to go as far as the old sundial. Then—something had happened.

She had passed the detective on duty at the gate in the tall hedge and had gone down the steps. She could not recall now if he would have been able to see her from where he was posted. But . . . something about the garden had been different; it had had an unfamiliar appearance.

Then—the unrememberable had happened. . . .

The scarf was untied by someone who stood behind her. A faint sound of well-oiled mechanism told her that the elevator door had been closed. The elevator descended.

But Fée Czerna did not look around. She stood staring, staring, at the woman seated before her—sole occupant of the amazing white-domed room which seemingly possessed neither doors nor windows. Through the eye slits in a black half-mask this woman watched her fixedly.

Fée Czerna's composure was wonderful. But one who has known the hell of Devil's Island and been an active but unwilling member of the Zones is not entirely as others.

The masked woman spoke.

"Zone Officer 2 A," she said coldly, "you were found to be a traitor to us almost exactly one year ago tonight. The Zones may work slowly, but they cast their nets wide. Your removal from the rolls has been in orders since last September."

Fée made no reply.

"The raid on old Headquarters, New York," the calm voice went on remorselessly, "and the arrest of a number of valuable officers, was your work. Recently again you all but ruined our plans. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing."

The word sounded hollowly, mockingly, in the silence of the domed room.

"WHAT I'm asking you," said Ned W. Regan, "is this: either immediately before or immediately after Madame Czerna passed you, did you hear or see anything unusual in the Cardinal's Garden?"

"Nothing, Chief," the man replied earnestly.

"A while ago," Burke broke in, "as we were out there, we thought we heard a funny noise down by the far end, near the sundial."

Stevens, of Ned W. Regan's agency, the man who had been on duty at the north end of the garden when Fée Czerna had gone down, looked from face to face. At last he looked at Regan.

"There's no query about *me*, Chief," he asked quietly—"is there?"

"None at all," Roscoe replied. "But we're all as puzzled as you."

"Good enough," said Stevens. "I only wanted to know."

"Thing is," Stopford broke in, "that you an' the bloke at the other end, Cumper, are our only hopes!"

"Cumper's right enough," Stevens interjected.

"No doubt," Stopford agreed—"but between the pair of you somebody has faded into thin air!"

There was a brief interval.

"That's true enough, sir," Stevens admitted. "I can't deny it."

"An idea occurs to me," said Roscoe. "From where you were standing, Stevens, could you see right along to the other end of the garden?"

"No, Commander! Because, you see, I wasn't *standing:* I was sitting on the bench just this side of the gate, with my back to the garden."

"Ah!" Roscoe murmured. "Regan," he said, "call Cumper again."

Regan stood up and went to the door.

"Cumper!" he shouted.

A moment later Cumper came in. He was as sanguine in type as his confrère, Stevens, was saturnine.

"Yes, Chief?"

"Something (*Continued on page 36*)

"Group Master 1!" whispered Flynn. "Leave him to me!" Roscoe grasped him. "Wait," he said. "There's someone else"

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It Must

Left: If it weren't for the horse, Kastoff might win his suit. But Dobbin appears to be pulling the gag about trusting no man till you see him with a lily on his chest

United Artists

First National

The society columns will have a list that long of the people who attended this soiree. But so far as Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor are concerned, there isn't anybody else in the whole ballroom

Below: Love and arnica sometimes mix quite readily. Maybe he's the lad who ran her down in his snappy roadster come to apologize. That's one way of doing it

United Artists

First Division

Left: Just another of those things. What's a hostess going to do when the eligible young man she's invited in the hopes of making a match for her cousin from the country insists on slipping backstairs and carrying on with the maid? But don't be too quick to blame him —wait till you've seen the cousin they picked for him!

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Be Love

At any rate it's a darn' good imitation. And the lads and lassies seem to be in favor of it

Paramount

He's already ripped up about seven dollars and fifty cents' worth of admission tickets absent-mindedly as he gazes at the pleasing young thing in the booth. A costly chat. Costly maybe, but decidedly worth it

Universal

It's fifteen minutes now since she decided to forgive him. But you'd never guess it from the expression on her face. Nor will he till she's ready to let him know how 'tis: It's all part of the act

United Artists

All the world loves a lover and all that sort of thing. Still, it is a bit of a strain watching this pair. There's something about their expressions and the background which suggests that in about two minutes someone with a disagreeable disposition and a narsty look is going to come out from somewhere and start shooting or stabbing or raising cain generally

Right: Some women fall heavily for this cave-man stuff. That's the legend anyway and we give you one guess as to whether it was started by a man or a woman. Oh, well, as long as they believe it, it's a swell way to get a fire going

Tiffany Productions

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To Have and to Scold

By W. O. SAUNDERS

"The greatest increase in the ratio of marriages to divorces in the United States is found in cities," says this famous editor of a famous small-town weekly, "because city couples sprint to the divorce mill after the first sock, while the small towners pull down the shade and wade in for more."

A half-done flapjack paves the way to a spanking

THE wife—we'll call her Mrs. Flapjack, for reasons you'll quickly learn—was irritable. Her one dress suitable for street wear was ripped beyond repair. There were runs in her stockings. The family next door had a new car. Business hadn't been good with her husband for several months, and he couldn't even keep up repairs on their old car without fussing about the size of the grocery bill on Saturday night.

And now her husband was standing over her in the kitchen fretting because his breakfast was late. He said he couldn't understand why his breakfast was always late while the man next door always had his breakfast early and was off to his business on time.

That was too much for the wife; she lifted a hot, pasty, half-done flapjack from the griddle with a cake turner and slapped her husband in the face with it.

This couple had had many a tilt since they were married; there had been days and days when they hadn't spoken to each other, and they were drifting farther and farther apart. This was the last straw.

No need to mince matters or postpone the inevitable, thought the husband with maddened calmness, while the hot flapjack batter oozed into his collar. Suddenly he seized his wife, sat himself down into a kitchen chair, pulled her across his lap and gave her a good old-fashioned spanking!

Hell hath no fury like a woman spanked. Mrs. Flapjack told her husband she was done with him forever, flew to her room, locked her door, threw herself across her bed and bawled.

"If you don't go away, I'll kill myself!" she screamed when Mr. Flapjack tried to talk to her.

The upshot of this case provides an interesting light on the difference between American married life in cities and small towns.

Lost in a big city, with no neighbors to spy upon them, talk about them, and expect the most of them, Mr. and Mrs. Flapjack would have rushed around the corner to a court of domestic relations.

But when Mr. and Mrs. Small Town Flapjack faced each other sullenly and shamfacedly later in the day to discuss the matter of a separation, Mrs. Flapjack said: "Oh, I can never endure the shame of it; to think that our married life has come to this! What will the neighbors say?"

And Mr. Flapjack said: "It's going to be hard on me; my business will be ruined; I'll just have to make up my mind to start life all over again some other place, and that ain't so easy for a man of my age."

And so, after glowering at each other for a while, they softened and decided to continue doing business at the same old matrimonial stand.

In New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Denver, 'Frisco or any other big center of population neither Mr. nor Mrs. Flapjack would have cared a hoot about what the neighbors might say. In fact, in a recent murder trial in New York City in which a young wife and her paramour were on trial for the murder of an aging husband, it was in evidence that although she lived in a suburb not one of her so-called neighbors had ever spoken to her.

One of the oldest and most experienced small-town pastors I know anything about tells me that marriage is the most successful business on earth—when confined to a small town. Out of a thousand marriages performed by him in a ministerial service of twoscore years he declares that less than 1 per cent may be rated as failures. And that's more than can be said for any other line of human partnerships, he adds.

Pride Goes Before Salvation

HOME interest is the chief small-town interest; there is no extraneous diversion to compete with it. The ambition of every small-town couple is to build and own a home. The best people have already built homes and paid for them. Homes are the small town's pride. Home life must not be disturbed. Divorce is unthinkable. A man and a woman will endure a lot of things for a home that they wouldn't endure for a rented flat and delicatessen. And there are always the neighbors.

Pride is the greatest moral agency in the world. Given half a chance and the average human is more concerned about what other folks think about him than about the Law and the Prophets. For public opinion is the Law and the Prophets—in small towns and rural neighborhoods. Everybody is governed almost entirely by what the neighbors say or might say.

Down at the fire-engine house the other night one of our townsmen was regaling the crowd that gathers nightly at that popular rendezvous. The fire-engine house is to our town what the general store is to a country cross-roads neighborhood. Our townsman was saying:

"Yes, I go to church regular, to Sunday school most of the time, and to prayer meetings once in a while. I was brought up by a saintly mother and a praying daddy. I learned the Golden Rule and the Lord's Prayer before I was knee high to a duck and ain't ever forgot 'em. I know all the laws I reckon an ordinary man needs to know, and I've read some of the philosophers. I lead a moral life. But it ain't religion, it ain't law, it ain't philosophy that keeps me straight; to tell you the truth, I don't believe all these things count much with me, deep down in my heart, you know; but I do care for what other folks say.

"There's a lot of fun I'd like to get out of this life and a lot of chances I'd be willing to take, with the Law here and the Judgment hereafter, for the sake of having a fling once in a while, but I play straight because I don't want to get caught.

"A good lawyer could get me out of court, and there's always a last chance to get your soul saved, but I reckon I place a pretty high valuation on my reputation among the folks I live with and do business with."

I wonder if my neighbor has actually spilled the beans on us and explained why there is less divorce and less of almost every other social evil in our small towns than in our cities. I continue to wonder, and I am persuaded that I learned something down at the fire-engine house that night.

The more I have thought about it the more I am convinced that the few divorces in our town are almost always of couples who have not known the restraint of neighborhood interest; or I might say, couples about whom no one is concerned.

What promised to be one of the most sensational divorce cases in our neighborhood ended in the outraged husband and the misguided wife living happily ever afterward. Her pastor was a sly and unctuous devil of a fellow.

She had been educated in a small girls' college; had a little knowledge of and love for books. Her husband was a plain, hard-working, matter-of-fact fellow who had no education to speak of and no interest in other literature than a weekly paper and a Ready Reckoner.

A Rural Elmer Gantry

HER pastor discovered in her a wistful yearning for the something in her life which her husband didn't supply; and the pastor, having an Elmer Gantry streak in him, took advantage of her heart hunger.

The wife became involved in a scandal before she was really conscious of what her interest in the pastor and his interest in her were leading to. And then they got found out, as all small-town and rural misadventurers do. There was the devil to pay. The congregation of a perfectly good church was almost disrupted.

But after the explosion neighbors got busy and beat (*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by BOB SATTERFIELD

"Perfect Sweethearts" (after three years of city hell)

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Years afterward Joab remembered that night. It was the last time they were young together

Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

David, with Joab by his side, passes the first crisis of his rise to power

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE hearing of King Saul, who is desperate because no one of his soldiers is brave enough to fight Goliath, giant of Gath, David plays his harp and sings a song about vanquishing the giant. Saul takes him seriously and David finds himself expected to make good his song.

During the night lying beside the sleeping Joab, his nephew though only two years his junior, David begins to blame his harp for getting him into this fix and flings it from him. Along toward dawn, however, he regrets his hasty action and rises to retrieve it. Walking down the hill he finds Goliath lying dead by the side of Elhanan, one of Saul's soldiers who, returning to his sentry post much the worse for wine, had accidentally tripped up Goliath who had hit his head against a stone and been killed. David immediately chops off Goliath's head and marches triumphantly to Saul, making it impossible for Elhanan ever to prove his part in the killing of Goliath.

Saul, though he had promised Merab, his elder daughter, to David as reward, arranges to marry her off to somebody else. Joab returning from his home in Judah, where he reported David's victory and was warned by his mother, Zeruiah, now that David was on the road to fame, not to do his work for him, is incensed at this insult to David but finds his young uncle quite apathetic though hopeless. He urges David to steal Merab, thinking that the younger daughter Michal would elope with him, but he finds that David doesn't really want Merab. Then, much to his sorrow, he finds that Michal is in love with David. Though in love with her himself he urges that David ask for Michal instead.

Saul, in great fear of David because of his popularity, consults with Abner, his general, and finally decides to demand a hundred dead Philistines as a marriage present. David, enraged, never thinks of attempting to make good, but Joab urges him on, collects volunteers and the stipulated gift is forthcoming.

David and Michal are married and Saul's fear grows.

III

IN THE fall Joab went home for the Feast of Ingathering. It was very pleasant in the sunshine, on the terraced slopes below Bethlehem; the vineyards had given up their fruit; among the vines the people camped in booths of leafy boughs; pots boiled over fires in the open; wine skins were passed from hand to hand; there was love-making and laughter.

Zeruiah sat on a pile of rugs at the entrance to her booth, with Joab outstretched at her feet.

"David might at least have come home for Ingathering," she observed—"considering that his father had never seen his wife. But of course he's a prince now."

"I don't think the King would let him go, Mother. His temper grows worse, and only David's harp playing can soothe him."

"DAVID is making quite a career out of that harp," said Zeruiah. And then: "Well, children!" Abishai came up, his arm about his young wife Tirzah; she was plump and merry; her hand clung to his shoulder.

"How does it feel to be back home, Joab? The old town's not so bad, is it? Come down to our booth; we're going to open another skin of the old wine Grandfather gave us. You too, Mother."

Zeruiah smiled.

"That wine is too strong for me. I'll leave it to you young people."

"I'll come down presently," Joab promised.

They strolled away, Tirzah's head leaning on her husband's shoulder.

Joab shivered.

"I know," said his mother. "One hates to see other people being happy. . . . Some day, son, you will wake in the morning and know that the sun is bright and the birds are singing and that there are other women in the world. . . . But I don't suppose that helps now, does it?"

"Not very much. But at least Michal's happy. . . . And," he added candidly, "I'm better off than I was six months ago. I'm a captain, and I like soldiering, and I seem to be picking it up fairly well—"

"Fairly well!" Zeruiah sniffed. "Prince Jonathan wrote to your grandfather that you led your men brilliantly at Beth-Horon."

"An old sergeant showed me how," Joab admitted with a grin.

"And David got the glory," said his mother. "Joab, just what did David do in that battle? Did he fight at all?"

"Like a wild cat. I saw him kill two Philistines myself."

"Fighting for his woman," said Zeruiah. "Yes, he would, for a woman. But you had to do his thinking for him."

"Well, it gave me my start, Mother—and I owe that to him. Even if I—if I couldn't get the girl I wanted, I can still fight for our people and our God. And perhaps some day God will reward me."

"A just man would do that," said Zeruiah. "But God is God. . . . What in the world—? David! . . . Something has gone wrong."

David came running along the terrace, his cloak looped about his knees; sweat streaked his face; dust lay white on his red hair.

"We must get away!" he panted. "All of us—the whole family! The King is out to kill us!" They started up, staring.

"I thought this wouldn't last," said Zeruiah. "What happened?"

"Yesterday I was playing the harp for him, in one of his sullen moods. I saw him glaring at me for a long time, and all of a sudden he snatched up his spear and flung it at me. But he missed; it stuck in the wall. I slipped out and went home to my own house; I thought he'd get over it. But last night my wife's old nurse got word to us that men were coming to kill me. Just in time. They were almost at the door. But Michal let me down from the bedroom window and I got away, and this morning Jonathan told me that the King means to kill me—to kill us all. . . . Where's Father? At the house? I'll go and tell him; you pass the word to the others."

IN JESSE'S house they all gathered presently—David's brothers, outraged and fuming; their wives and children, silent and afraid; Abishai and his young wife, inclined to treat it as a lark, since they had so little to leave behind; little Asahel, stuttering with excitement, a dagger he had found somewhere strapped round his waist in warlike preparation.

"Well?" said Jesse. He seemed very old and dazed, this afternoon. "Where shall we go, David? South?"

"The King would run us down anywhere this side of the frontier, and the Edomites or the Amalekites might give

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me up to him. We'd better go over Jordan—to Moab. The King doesn't like Saul; he'd take us in.

"We'd have to cross Benjamite territory to reach the fords," said Eliab. "He could cut us off."

"The King has no cavalry," said Joab, "and from what I know of the army the pursuit will be slow in starting. If we can reach the Jordan beyond Jericho by dawn tomorrow, we're safe." Jesse rose stiffly.

"Then let's be starting. I had thought to end my days in peace in the house of my fathers, and here I'm driven out of the land of Yahweh, to serve other gods—" He turned on David in senile fury. "I always said no good would come of all this harp playing!"

With wives and children and servants they were forty-odd, old Jesse and the women mounted on donkeys, the rest footing it over the hill roads. Half a dozen pack donkeys carried the few possessions they had had time to collect; their money, weighed rings of silver, clinked in saddle bags before Jesse and Zeruiah. David led the way—he had taken command instinctively, with a new and rather surprising assurance; and Joab brought up the rear, marching in armor despite the heat, his eyes watchfully searching the rolling brown hills to the northward for the glitter of spears.

BUT no pursuers had appeared at sunset, when he reached the summit of the Mount of Olives. Far away on the right lay a strip of deep blue, the Dead Sea; beyond it the long cliff wall of Moab was amethyst in the shadow. Moab—their refuge, perhaps their home hereafter; not Babylon. . . .

Joab looked once more for pursuers, but in vain; the landscape was empty but for a few Jebusite farmers going home at the close of day to Jerusalem. Jerusalem. Its gray walls and clustered houses rose on a southward spur of the plateau to the left; two hundred years since Yahweh's people had come up to possess the land, and the Jebusites still held Jerusalem as the Canaanites held the cities to the westward, cutting off Judah from Israel. . . . "And no wonder," thought Joab grimly. "We spent all our energy fighting each other."

Where would it end? Saul had tried; irresolute he might be, tormented by gusty, unreasoning rages; but he had tried. And when Saul had done all he could David had come and all Israel had shaken itself out of torpor, wakened to fresh resolve in this new sunrise. Now that hope was dashed; Israel was driving out its only giant killer; they would tell it in Gath, proclaim it in the streets of Ashkelon, that Yahweh was a false god, that he cheated and betrayed his loyal servants. . . . Meanwhile, Joab reminded himself, there was the business of getting across Jordan.

In the darkness they picked their way down the winding rugged gorge of the Kerith; marching toward the morning star, they came out in the valley at last, left the dim walls and feathery date palms of Jericho to the northward, and came at dawn to the green strip of jungle along Jordan. They forded the river, swift and muddy between its slippery banks; before the sun was high they were safe on the upland moors of Moab. At nightfall the King received them in Mizpeh and promised protection; and old Jesse—silent and sour, for it went against the grain—offered dutiful sacrifice to Chemosh, the god of Moab, for a safe journey to a sure retreat. They were out of Yahweh's country now; they had turned their back on Yahweh—rather, Yahweh had turned His back on them. . . .

JOAB was buckling on his armor in the morning when David came in.

"What's this?" he demanded.

Joab shrugged.

"War is my trade. I'm going to offer my services to the King of Moab."

David seized his arm.

"Come with me first. I've something to tell you—all of you."

They gathered in the courtyard of the house Jesse had taken—the three older brothers, still seething; David and Joab and Abishai, and half a dozen menservants—and again David took command. Something had happened to him, Joab knew; his head was high, his eyes burned hotly.

"I'm going back!" he announced.

Joab started exultantly.

"To get your wife?" he cried. "We'll go with you!"

David frowned.

"Not yet—we'd be cut up before we got within ten miles of Gibeah. I'm going back to Judah to start a rebellion." And as they all cried out: "When I got away from Gibeah I didn't come straight home. I turned aside to Ramah, to see Samuel the Prophet. And he"—his voice rose—"he anointed me to be King of Israel in Saul's place!"

"Anointed *you?*" said Eliab. "The old man must be losing his mind."

"He said that Yahweh had rejected Saul." David told them. "Turned his back on Saul and chosen me as King. . . . I couldn't believe it; but I stopped at Nob, at the temple, and asked of the oracle if what Samuel said was true. And it's true, it's true! I'm to be King of Israel!"

Joab leaped up, his sword whirling in the air.

"*David, King of Israel!*" he shouted. Abishai echoed him, but the servants were silent, watching the older brothers, Eliab and Abinadab and Shamah.

"Who saw him anoint you?" Shamah asked. "Nobody? I thought so."

"Even if he did," said Eliab, "what can we do about it?"

"The people hate Saul," said David eagerly. "And they love me—Joab will tell you that. Judah would never accept a northern king—but if we go back to Judah— There's an old abandoned fort at Adullam—you know it, Joab—far enough away from Saul, so that we can gather an army before he reaches us.

"All Judah will rise to join me, the Lord's anointed—"

HE WAS very regal as he stood erect, his eyes flashing, the sunlight burning in his hair.

But Joab was frowning.

"Not Adullam, David. Too near the Philistines."

"Will they fight me to help Saul? They'll wait to see us wear out each other, and when the armies meet his men will turn against him— Well? Are you with me? For Yahweh and David!"

"Yahweh and David!" cried Joab, and again Abishai joined in. But the three brothers sat in sneering silence. Eliab spat contemptuously.

"Not we," he said. "We have always done our duty, we sons of Jesse. We left our wives and children and our positions in the community, and volunteered; we served at the front and came home when the campaign was over to lead peaceful, God-fearing lives as good citizens should—and now we've had to leave it all, we've lost everything, we're refugees in a strange land—all on account of you! Follow you now? Huh!"

"Don't you see?" cried Joab. "It's not just David you'd be following—it's an idea. A fresh fiery spirit in Israel that will burn out all the old pettiness and incompetence and half-heartedness, and kill all the giants that stand in our way. Never mind David! Serve the idea!"

"We have too many ideas already in Israel," Eliab grunted. "He's been the black sheep of this family all his life and now he wants to get us all killed. All Judah will rise to join him—him! Hah! Let him get himself killed if he wants to—the sooner the better. Then the King will pardon us for the sake of our war records, and we can go back home."

He stalked out; Abinadab and Shamah followed him; then the servants, one by one. David looked after them, his lips curling.

"Let them go!" he laughed exultantly. "God is with me! . . . And—" He put his arms around his nephews' shoulders. "And the sons of Zeruiah—I'll never forget that. We'll go, anyway. In the morning."

But when he had left them their fiery ardor slowly cooled; Abishai looked uncertainly at Joab.

"I can't see all Judah rising up against Saul," he admitted. "I'll go if you do—but what do you think of it?"

"It would sound better set to music," Joab admitted. "These artists see everything as (*Continued on page 43*)

"Back to your post," ordered Joab. "As soon as I get a drink." Joab strode forward, his sword out; the other man turned, astounded, gaping

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In the hands of the Ser

By MARLBOROUGH CHURCHILL

Illustrated by EDWARD BUTLER

He was, as the colonel said, remarkably efficient—and good at explanation

CUTLER looked up from the depths of melting ice that had once been a julep. The other officers in the mess laughed. It took but little to make them laugh, for they were young, and there had been many juleps. The diminutive messenger boy, almost lost under the visor of his enormous cap, handed Cutler a square blue envelope, and hurried away with an unexpected quarter held tightly in his grimy palm.

Cutler rose slowly, pushed back his wicker chair and started for the door.

"Oh, read it here, Bill. Don't mind us!" laughed Sheldon.

But Cutler didn't hear him. He left the room and walked down the hubbly brick walk to his quarters with his shoulders a little less braced than usual. He tore open the envelope and slowly read the words which he had dreaded and was yet half pleased to see. It was an appeal from Margaret Sterling to meet him once more and then, if he still wished it, a promise to quench the love which he had so carelessly kindled. There was a subtle spur to his vanity, a more subtle reproach for his cruelty, and a far more subtle appeal to his manliness and sense of honor. Cutler tore the letter into tiny bits and threw them into the fire.

The letter was full of truth, for the writer was as wise as she was weak. Cutler had been indiscreet, but he had tried to be a man and an honorable one when he realized the harm he had done, but he was not strong enough to let matters take their course without the "one last talk" the letter begged for.

"If only she were not Sterling's wife," Cutler said to himself as he sat down to answer the note.

Then a new perplexity, this time a practical one, arose. The "one last talk" must be had over a narrow little table in a smoky little restaurant. There had been many little suppers over the same narrow table, and little suppers cost money. Cutler's pay was less than half as large as his inclinations.

"It's only twenty dollars, and I can easily replace it when my pay check comes," he argued against his conscience as he took up his cap, whistled to the bulldog, and went out into the open air.

IN FRONT of the barracks the men were strung out in irregular lines which straightened themselves into companies as the last note of "Assembly" died away. The officer of the day threw away his cigarette and came to attention. One by one the companies came to parade rest, and, as the long slow-swinging notes of "Retreat" told the end of the summer day, Cutler paused. He loved it all, even the apparently meaningless little ceremonies which civilians can never understand.

The crack of the evening gun brought him back to himself, and he kept on up into the old fort by the winding white shell road to the quartermaster's office. Once inside the door of his office, he quickly knelt before the safe and whirled the knob of the combination nervously between his fingers. In a few seconds he had crushed a yellow twenty-dollar bill into his pocket and slammed the heavy iron door of the safe. Suddenly he heard a chair scraped back from a desk in the next room.

TURNING around, he saw standing in the doorway the erect form and bronzed face of the quartermaster sergeant.

"What in thunder are you doing here at this time of day?" snapped Cutler.

"I was waitin' for you, sorr," replied Sergeant Conway in the even, expressionless tone of the old soldier. "You said that you'd be takin' the monthly inventory today, sorr, and I thought you might be up late, sorr."

"I'll take the inventory tomorrow," said Cutler, a trifle unsteadily.

"Very good, sorr," replied the sergeant, saluting punctiliously like the old cavalryman he was.

In a few hours it was all forgotten in the smoke of the little restaurant, the witchery of black eyes and the treachery of champagne. But Cutler came out of it well. It was their last talk—he made her see that he really meant to live up to the ideals which she laughed at as being old-fashioned.

"You are Bob Sterling's wife," was his one answer to all her pleadings.

"Good night—Galahad," she said as he shut the door of the taxi that was to take her out of his life. . . .

Cutler walked by the sentry in the sally port with the carriage of a man who has chosen the better way and whose conscience is at rest.

The dim light in the hospital, the dark ivy-covered chapel and the silvery notes of "Call to Quarters" brought his life and his duties back to him. What remained of the twenty dollars burned in his pocket. The thought that he had stolen money from the government whose service was his pride was a bitter one.

But sleep comes to youth in spite of many things; and after a few minutes of uncomfortable self-accusation Cutler dropped off and heard nothing until a knock at the door was followed by, "Colonel's compliments, sir, and he'd like to see the lieutenant in the office at once, sir."

The twenty dollars was far from Cutler's mind as he stood before the gray-haired colonel.

"GOOD morning, Mr. Cutler. You young men sleep later than we used to in the old days, sir. Let me see—what was it I wanted of you? Oh, yes. They are not to send a regular inspector this year, and I am to inspect the quartermaster accounts. I shall begin with yours. I will go up to your office with you now."

"Very well, sir," said Cutler.

The witc forced the

The thoug not enter Cu to open the office. He g on clicking fell into plac

He stood flimsy reasor But the colo

"That will Cutler. I wil Your compan geant can sh may report h

Never was badly. Up a they marched until even th less and the gusted.

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TH bo hands movie cows They emies, police range

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Collier's for August 18, 1928

Hair Pants Heroes

By ROB WAGNER

ERE are two kinds of cow-ys—cow hands and show . Most of those in the s have never been nearer than condensed milk. come from riding acad- the army or the mounted . A few come from the —they are the cow hands.

U are of the generation that ed its cornsilk out back of the shed, perhaps you will recall ıazzar Bill, the Bailiff of Blue : Left-Handed Luke, the Lion- ad let loose at Laramie! They : alliterative brothers charac- ıe youthful Kultur of the Ex- ghties. In those robust years, ely preceding the mild deca- the Gay Nineties, we liked our ɔod 'n' bad—bandits, train rob- tlaws and detectives. Jesse as our idol and Nick Carter our merican Author.

suddenly, from the big open ame Buffalo Bill, one of the personal showmen the world seen. With one magnificent f his hand-painted slouch hat ed all our grand old heroes into can and at the same time "in- for our approval" a brand-new r—the American Cowboy!

val? We ate 'im up!—Europe ɔre ravenously than America. possible to exaggerate the in- f Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show folk lore of our country. Al- ernight the once lowly cow- ame the most adventurous and e figure of contemporary life. llers rushed to their desks and forth a new literature—the l "Western."

mmortal. For after fifty years stern story still holds preëmi- ı the hearts of the people, a pre- e reflected in the sanctums of tors and the scenario depart- f motion-picture studios. Every editor in Hollywood carries gan under his hat: "Fashions in come and go, but the Western forever."

ff-jumping for Goatherds

PS and gunmen, sheiks and flap- . soup- and fishermen, Ben Hurs ieirishrosers flicker for a season, omnipotent cowboy rides on and

rally he has ridden out to Movie- where men only have to make and they actually pay a feller lin' off a horse. In fact, he has out in such numbers that there ɔre *cowboys in Hollywood than* ver been gathered in any other rom Calgary to the Rio Grande. oes not include the army of ex- ıo buy high-heeled boots and then bowlegged outside the studios for jobs.

ıaps you picture "the big, free ıf the West" as a magnificent riding forth in full captaincy of ıl and mastery of his fate. But ıot that in Hollywood. He gives captaincy of his soul by marry- n extra girl and living like a bookkeeper or any other slave soulless corporation. He surren- he mastery of his fate to a labor known as the Western Protec- ssociation, a rather loose organi- zation designed for mutual benefit, but being neither notably mutual nor very beneficial, as the cowboy remains too strongly an individualist to function well in a group.

Poetically enough, the W. P. A. meets at "the Water Hole"—not, as you might suppose, a crystal spring in the center of a great open space, but a small room back of Harry's Cleaning Establishment across from the old Lasky Studio on Vine Street.

Nor have I ever seen any evidence of water in this particular hole. Here the members meet in hatted and booted expectation of work. "Harry"—when he is not pressing a pair of pants—acts as secretary, taking the phone calls as they come in from the various studios. At every ring of the bell the chatter ceases, and every man in the place looks eagerly toward the secretary—hoping.

You learn about the cowboy's troubles at the Water Hole. Especially on rainy days, when there is no location work and the gang gathers to pan the pictures and pay disrespects to the masters.

"Yes, I guess they're right," said a tall, lanky fellow tilted back in his chair one day last week. "A cowboy ain't nothin' but a sheep herder with his brains knocked out. Leastways, we wouldn't stand for this doublin' stuff. It's bad enough doublin' fer the pretty-boy heroes at seven-fifty a day, us takin' all the bumps while they draw the big tickets, but after we've tooken all the risks, then fer 'em to double *us* in the easy ridin' by hirin' a lotta five-dollar extras who kin jest sit on a horse—I say we're even lower'n sheep herders — or even castin' directors—t' stand fer it."

"That's because our association is an aggregation of strong backs but weak heads."

This was Punk Bowles' comment. He added:

"The only thing the W. P. A. ever done was t' git the War Department to lay off lettin' the army scab on us. But as fer stickin' together on wages, we got the backbones like these here chocolate a-clairs."

Fox Films

By far the most extraordinary success in all moving pictures is Tom Mix, bonton cowboy, showman and stunt artist

"And now they're even bringin' in foreigners to scab on American cowboys," piped up Limpy Lewis. "I was workin' extry—extry, mind you!—to a lotta Cossacks last week over at M. G. M. What kin a bunch o' whiskered Bolsheviks do that we can't? Anchored stirrups! They *can't* fall off! I'd like to see 'em standin' up on slick saddles. *Ever see their saddles? Sofy cushions* strapped in a hammock! Why, in that war stuff over at U we rode 'em right offa their feet and put ten o' the dam' Airedales in the hospital. It's gettin' so you can't land a job unless you talk foreign."

"Aw, Cossacks won't last!" observed Len Leonard. "The big stables won't supply mounts fer 'em any more. Jack Boyle says they're too cruel rough on horses; they ride 'em to death and break their legs."

"Well, *they ain't much worser on* horses than the quickie companies," observed Tex Mason. "Last week I was workin' fer a quickie where they tried t' shoot all the ridin' stuff in one day. They was six of us cast fer outlaws, and after ridin'—and how!—fer half an hour past different camera set-ups we had to quick-change our hats, put on badges, and then ride as a sheriff's posse past the same set-ups a'chasin' ourselves—and on the same poor dam' horses. It ain't right t' treat no beasts like that, least of all horses. No, the Rooshians ain't the only roughnecks in *the pitchers; some o' these quickie pro*ducers is jest as mean."

If these simple Brothers of the Bumps do a lot of beefing at the Water Hole, they are anything but grousers on the job. One time on location up north the director called for volunteers to make a forty-foot ride off a cliff into the Merced River, cold and turbulent. Every cowboy in the cast stepped forward—sixteen in all. Nor was it alone the $100 bonus that prompted acceptance; it was boyish and boastful pride besides.

"All I ast," said the hero selected, "is that some o' you buzzards line up along the bank to give a hand in case the horse goes loco, fer I can't swim so good in hair pants, and a horse is dam' ornery if he gets t' plungin'. If I'm throwed and get holt of his tail, I kin steer him to shore. Otherwise we're liable t' fetch up among them rocks down there and the company will lose a good horse and the missus a dam-fool husband that she's prob'bly better off without."

When the fellow was finally "drug ashore" a quarter of a mile down the river, his only interest upon reviving was how the horse made out and whether any of the four cameras got the shot.

The record for this kind of stunt is held by Clarence Sovern, who once rode at top speed and went over a cliff sixty-three feet into water!

Will Rogers once said to me, when some cowboys on location were demanding the best rooms in the best hotel in town:

"Treat 'em gentle, Rob, fer cowboys are more temperamental than opery singers."

On the other hand, they'll risk their lives for a few dollars and a chance to break a record in daredeviltry.

Once I saw Ken Maynard jump from a cliff on to the top of a runaway stagecoach.

Trick Riding is Show Stuff

THAT night I joined Alf Kennicott down near the corral, where he was in charge of the horses; and while the old fellow was smoking his after-dinner cigarette, I asked him what all this stunt stuff had to do with cattle punching.

"Nothin' in the world," he replied as he leaned back against the fence. "Cow hands has no occasion to jump *off cliffs unless they are goatherds*, which they ain't. And in forty years of cowpunchin' all over the West, I never seen no need of rescuin' ladies off runaway engines. That's jest motion pitchers."

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Ken Maynard, ex-cowboy, perhaps the world's greatest trick rider, stirred romantic longings in the hearts of all the girls .

First National

"Then how come these cowboys can do all these stunts?" I asked.

"Listen, son," he answered. "There's two kinds of so-called cowboys—cow hands and show hands. These fellas are show hands, and nine tenths of 'em never seen a ranch until they come into motion pitchers. They *usta* come from the ranches, but not any more. Ken, a' course, did, but he's an exception.

"Anybody can learn to ride a horse, and what ropin' they do they learned practicin' fer the rodeos, some of 'em right here in motion pitchers. That's why I always bring a bunch of goats along on location. It gives the boys a chance to practice and keeps 'em out of mischief. Tom Mix always has a bunch of goats for his boys to practice on.

"As fer trick ridin', that's entirely show stuff. When I was a boy on the big Diamond-O Ranch down in Arizona we never thought of bustin' outlaw horses. We wasn't horse breakers; we was cattle punchers. What they calls broncho bustin' was a trade in itself. We'd save up the bad horses, and then every so often along would come what was known as a flash rider and break 'em fer us. He'd take his pay and go on to the next ranch. But that hombre was no more a cow hand than a steeplejack is a house painter.

"After the spring and fall roundups we'd have our rodeos—the Mexicans got up the idea—but it was a sort of private picnic to blow off steam. We'd race, do a bit of ropin', and then perhaps bet on a couple of flash riders bustin' outlaws.

"Then when the country went crazy over Wild West shows they began to frame up these big rodeos at Fort Worth, Cheyenne, Calgary, Salinas and Pendleton.

"And that's where the flash riders became famous. Furthermore, these shows started all hands a-tryin' their luck at trick ridin' and ropin' and the ranches became trainin' schools fer show hands who practiced all year jest so's they could go off and compete for prizes at these annual shows. It got so bad in Texas that they passed a law forbiddin' steer ropin' and bull-doggin' in exhibitions, fer the lads on their way to the rodeos would practice on every four-footed critter they met, breakin' their legs and horns and often leavin' them there to die.

"What did they get out of it? That's the funny part. They'd leave perfectly good jobs, at forty or fifty a month and keep, jest for the *chance* of winnin' a prize.

"They'd pay their own expenses, mind you, and an entrance fee fer the opportunity of riskin' their fool necks fer a measly prize of fifty or a hundred dollars.

"Natcherly, one or two could win, but the others figgered that p'raps they'd draw better horses next time. Rodeos is the only form of professional entertainment where extries have to *pay* fer supportin' the principals. A' course they'd sometimes pick up a few dollars wranglin' or doin' an exhibition stunt, but fer the most part it was vanity of winnin' a champeenship that kept 'em goin'.

"Then there was always a quarrel as to who was champeen. Every rodeo claimed to be ridin' fer champeenships, but finally it was decided that Pendleton, Ore., was the place. That's because the Richard K. Fox belt is rode fer there, and the winner gets his name in the Police Gazette book of annual champeenships. A' course the Madison Square show ought to settle it, fer it's the last show of the season, and as it runs through eighteen performances, a fella that wins ought to be a champeen.

"Fer a while these annual shows took all our best cow hands and turned them into show hands who would quit the ranches and follow the rodeos all over the country, later joinin' circuses and Wild West shows. It wasn't motion pitchers that lured the cowboys off the range; it was the rodeos and shows, long before there was any pitchers.

"Trick ridin' and ropin' then become a showman's profession and hadn't nothin' to do with the handlin' and pasturin' of cattle. Riders come in from the army remount stations, mounted police and what not. Yes, even from the ridin' academies of the East. It's foolish to call these here show hands cowboys. Some of 'em have never been nearer cows than condensed milk.

$100 Worth of "Dog"

"NO, SON," concluded the old fellow, "you'll notice that us cowhands don't go in fer no stunts. But p'raps you'll notice this too: that whenever the studios is shootin' a big Western special there's only about ten of us birds in Hollywood that they can get to handle cattle."

I *had* noticed this. I had also noticed that the cow hand was a quiet, modest fellow, not given to advertising his calling, very often the only marks distinguishing him from the ordinary extra being the high heels of his boots projecting beneath his trousers legs.

Not so the show hand. He affects all the regalia of the typical screen cowboy. If he cannot afford the full equipment of the big star, he will at least glorify his extremes by crowning himself with a huge five-gallon hat—that set him back perhaps $50—and incasing his shins in a flamboyant pair of $50 boots stitched like a lady's shopping bag.

Another great difference between the cow hands and the show hands is seen in their attitude toward the stars they are supporting. When Paramount was shooting Wings, a bunch of show hands were standing on the side lines quietly kidding Richard Arlen because he had to be doubled in some easy riding stuff. Tom Gannett, an old cow hand, listened to them in mild contempt until they insinuated that Arlen was a softie. "Ridin's your business," he snorted, "actin's his'n. You can't act, so why should you expect him to ride? Mebbe this Arlen boy kin do somethin' you can't—sail a ship, fer instance, but I don't believe he'd laugh at ya."

But modesty is no notable virtue in the greatest show business in the world. Leastwise, it never got the cow hands anywhere. Showmanship is what counts, and among the horse-opera-actors it has been the showiest showmen—that is the trickiest riders, the most spectacular stuntsters and the gaudiest dressers—who have achieved the heights in the grand old Westerns.

Clothes and trick riding, however, will not alone guarantee stardom. There are a lot of lads sitting around the Water Hole that have both, who will never see their names in electric lights. For they lack the one great asset in motion pictures—personal charm. Showmanship plus charm is what makes a Western star.

Take Ken Maynard, for instance, now starring for First National. A tall, handsome youth who would stir romantic longings in any girl, he is probably the greatest trick rider in the world.

A Reverend Athletic Superman

THOUGH he began life on his father's ranch, he soon abandoned cow-punching for the shows, finally starring as one of the big attractions of the Ringling-Barnum and Bailey Circus. Needless to say, the pictures sought him out, for any good-looking lad who can foxtrot on the hurricane deck of a runaway horse is a natural-born Western hero.

Hoot Gibson, on the other hand, reached stardom as a rough rather than a trick rider. The son of a horse trainer, Hoot became one of the greatest broncho busters in the world and won the national championship at Pendleton in 1912. After touring the country for several years as a competitive broncho buster, Hoot started a horse-breaking stable in Los Angeles over near the Houser Packing Company. On Sundays he would put on a little show and would himself pass the hat for a collection. After a few tries in pictures, they discovered that he had a good sense of comedy and much personal charm. He was signed up.

Jack Holt landed in Hollywood without a bean. He had come down from three years' cattle punching in Oregon —before that he had been running pack trains in Alaska—and got a job at Universal as horse wrangler. He then began riding extra in Westerns, and in one serial, where the cowboys had to double as dudes on bangtailed horses and English saddles, it was found that Jack rode "dude" better than any of them. From that moment he got all the dude parts that required good riding.

The truth is, despite his Western life, the humble horse wrangler of Universal was indeed a dude. The son of a fashionable New York minister, himself a Son of the Revolution, Jack spent his youth riding steeplechasers over the hills of old Virginia.

Fred Thomson was, curiously enough, neither a cow nor a show hand. Ten years ago he was the Rev. Frederick Thomson, a lowly shepherd of the Lord, laboring in the hard and sterile vineyard of Goldfield, Nev. From a minister living on nothing a year to a star with the annual income of an oil king! How come? It was certainly not a shepherd's humility that won him this place in the cinema heavens. No, it was his classic proportions and athletic skill, surmounted by a full set of brains, for (*Continued on page 30*)

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The Make-Believe Wife

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright, 1928, by Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

"I think you are going to see a doctor; you've been working too hard on this Kreutzmann thing," said Beatrice

The Story Thus Far:

BEATRICE ST. JOHN marries Houston Challoner, a widower years older than Beatrice. She was at one time a clerk in the architectural firm of which Hugh is president, and her sister, Marcia, was his secretary.

The St. Johns are very poor. Marcia's health fails. Beatrice at first would not countenance Hugh's suit, but she realizes what such a marriage would mean to her and her family—and agrees, soon finding herself deeply fond of Hugh.

Marcia and Mrs. St. John are sent to California, and Beatrice lives a perfectly contented and happy life in the big Challoner house, the only cloud on the horizon being that Hugh can't help feeling that he is too old for his lovely young wife and that his own son, Bert, would be a more suitable match for her. To make things more complicated Bert is falling in love with her though she is wholly unconscious of it.

Aileen Kavanaugh, a school friend of Hugh's first wife, Alice, widowed, returns from abroad, having learned with a shock of Hugh's marriage. She is in love with Hugh and fiendishly jealous of Beatrice.

She runs into Hugh at the country club alone, and while they are playing golf, she tells him that gossip says Bert is madly in love with Beatrice. Hugh is not surprised, but by the time Beatrice and Bert join them from an afternoon in town, Aileen has succeeded, subtly and indirectly, in arousing his worst fears and suspicions.

"YOU and Bert have a nice time?" Hugh asked, with a little effort, as they walked along.

"Oh, wonderful!" Beatrice said, and laughed. "He really is a darling, Bert," she said absently. A moment later, happening to glance at Hugh, she exclaimed concernedly, "Hugh, you look queer! Is your head—your head *is* aching again!"

"No—not a bit. Yes, it's splitting!" he said incoherently.

"Oh, Hugh, *dear!* Mr. Challoner won't play any more," Beatrice said hurriedly to the caddie. "Take all the clubs, we'll cut right to the car. Hugh, darling," Beatrice pleaded, her young hand firm under his elbow, as she guided him across the rising ground, "why didn't you tell me? How long has this been going on?"

Reaching the car, she sprang in, took the wheel; his door had barely slammed before they were off for home. Not a word was said while she helped him upstairs, established him on the couch, smoothed pillows under his tired head, and stopped to touch his closed eyes with her fresh, fragrant kiss.

"Tell me the first instant you feel better, dearest!"

HOT puffs of heavy air from the lake moved through the room and brought a sweet piny smell. In the garden below the window bees were shooting back and forth like bullets, and birds were sleepily calling from the woods.

"I'm—enormously—better now," Hugh said, feeling happy and guilty and broken and remade all at once.

"Oh, Hugh, not already!" she exclaimed, ecstatically.

"Already. This is what I needed," Hugh said, with a long, weary, contented sigh.

"But, Hugh, *dear*," she scolded, settling her fragrant young body on a hassock beside him and possessing herself of both his hands, "why do you play, when you feel so rotten?"

"I didn't, when I began," he said meekly. He opened his eyes, and smiled in utter peace and felicity into the earnest, glowing face that was so near his own. "There's something I've been wanting to ask you, Bee," he said impulsively. "I've thought of it often before, and never have quite got up my courage—" He stopped, looking abashed and amused and a little shamefaced.

"It's whether or not I ever loved any other man?" Beatrice suggested briskly, with an indulgent, motherly look. Hugh laughed.

"Then I *have* asked it?" he said.

"About two hundred times," Beatrice answered blithely. "And the answer is no."

"Oh, but I thought there was a man—some young fellow at the office—"

She reflected, looking away, looking at him, looking away again, and shook her head.

"There may have been a youthful crush of some sort—oh, yes, I remember!" Beatrice said, brightening. "There was Roger Newberry, I had quite a crush on him," she confessed animatedly, "and a boy named Harry Fontaine, whose mother took boarders. And don't forget my proposal, Hugh," she added, with an impressive look. "Our dentist, Dr. Leach, and a woolly-headed little darling he was, too! He's married now, himself; I met him the other day!"

"Ah, well, those—" Hugh said smilingly. And for a few minutes he rested, with a satisfied face, his hands in hers.

Suddenly he opened his eyes again, and they were anxious.

"You never were really in love with any one of those, Bee?"

"No. I know that!" she conceded indifferently.

"How do you know it?" he asked, after a pause during which he had watched her dreaming face and far-away eyes.

"Oh, you do know, Hugh."

He narrowed his eyes, attempted a light tone:

"This interests me. But how?"

"Oh, well—thrills, notes, tears, doubts—" she summarized it carelessly.

"All that kind of bunk," she finished carelessly.

"It isn't bunk," he said, turning the knife in his heart.

"To me it is," she assured him serenely.

"Yes, but, then—but, then, what did you feel when you married me, Bee?" he asked quietly, but with a sinking heart.

"HUGH, you poor simp," she answered affectionately, "how can you ask me that? I was nobody—working in your office, sick with worry about Marcia and Mummy and bills and everything else—no clothes, no friends, no nothing! And you saw me, and thought—" Her hands tightened on his; there were tears in her eyes, although she was smiling. "You thought, 'Here is a girl who hasn't had a chance,' " she said unsteadily, " 'here is a girl hungry for life and love and the sunshine. I have all these things. I don't need her, but how that poor little red-headed, desperate thing needs me!' "

"Hush!" he said, really angry, and putting his hand over her mouth.

"I'll bite you!" she said, kissing it. "How can you ask me whether or not I love you, knowing all that?" she asked.

"All that mightn't be love," he suggested diffidently.

"Hugh, how perverse you can be!"

He was silent for a while, watching her lazily, and then spoke suddenly again.

"Bee, there is something that I want to ask you—often have wanted to ask you, but it sounds silly!" he said.

"I know this one too," Beatrice interrupted him, unimpressed.

"Oh, you do!" he said, amused and abashed by her prescience.

"Perfectly. This," she said, "is whether, if I ever cared for somebody else, I'd come honestly and ask you to set me free? Am I right?"

"I had asked you that before too?" he murmured.

"More than once."

"And would you, Bee?"

She brought her thoughtful eyes back from far spaces.

"Would I what?"

"Would you tell me if you really fell in love?"

He remembered now that at previous times she had answered him promptly, casually. But today, for the first time, she hesitated, frowning faintly.

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"I don't know, Hugh," she said unexpectedly, dubiously. "Would *you?*"

"Would I tell you if I wanted to be free?" he demanded.

"Yes. I was thinking about that the other day—" Beatrice said reflectively. "Would you?"

"Like a shot."

"But—but what *good* would it do?" she asked. "We couldn't—we wouldn't leave each other, even then, would we? It wouldn't accomplish anything except making us unhappy."

Hugh was a little pale, in the close, hot duskiness of the room.

"But still I would want to know," he said almost sternly.

"Why make yourself miserable, Hugh?" Beatrice persisted, in surprise. "You couldn't change it. Marriage is marriage, after all."

"But I could change it," he assured her in a strangled voice.

"You don't mean divorce, Hugh?" she asked, with wide-open eyes.

"Certainly I mean divorce!" he answered, almost violently. "There are plenty of places—in California, for instance, where you would be near Marcia and your mother—! I would prefer it infinitely," he went on, rapidly and passionately—"I would prefer it *infinitely* to this idiotic—this imbecile idea some women have that anything is better than divorce—any amount of unhappiness—sneaking—lying—"

"Why, for goodness' sake!" Beatrice exclaimed, amazed, in a pause.

"Well, I do!" he persisted. "Anything—anything rather than deceiving oneself, a laughingstock for everyone—"

"I know," the girl said wisely and calmly as he paused, choking, "your head is worse!"

"It isn't my head!" Hugh almost shouted. He brought his feet to the floor; his light cover slipped away; he sat with his head in his hands. "Yes, it's my head!" he said, in a whisper. "My God, I think I am going crazy!"

"I THINK you are going to see a doctor," said Beatrice: "you've been working too hard on this Kreutzmann thing, in this hot summer weather. I thank the Lord that it'll be done in another day or two. Then you can rest, and you *will* rest— Hugh, *please* be quiet!"

He lay down again, his face peaceful, his eyes shut.

"If we go to California, we'll take it easy, little girl."

"You've been worrying about that too," she said accusingly. "I don't know what's come over you. As far as I'm concerned, I don't care one scrap whether we go or not. Bert was saying today that nothing would drag him out there—it's so far away, Hugh. And we have everything here—"

"Bert said that?" His voice was controlled, his eyes still closed.

"We were talking—" she said.

Hugh lay still, his face expressionless. After a while he said, on a great sigh:

"I wish you and I were the only persons alive in the world, Bee!"

"It would be fun," Beatrice agreed amiably.

After a few minutes he slept, and Beatrice could go noiselessly from the room. She went out to an upstairs porch, and stood there for a while, drinking in the beauty of the day's last hour; she could hear the thunder regularly now, from the eastern mountains. Between the trunks of the pines, placed as regularly as the pillars of a cathedral, the water of the lake moved like a blue wall. There were little ripples where a boat rocked, at the shore.

The light of sunset streamed across the world, and lay blood-red on the pine needles and in strips of red down the rough trunks. An exquisite and unearthly silence reigned, even though there was a faint sound of laughter and voices from the direction of the kitchen and now and then the distant honk of a motor horn. A little rabbit came fearfully from the brush and stood listening, his head raised; the sun's light shining through his ears turned them to glass.

Roses and phlox and burning marigolds stood transfixed in the clear ominous brilliance, as if caught in a pool of crystal, and in an open space, between the pines and the pier, a column of flies buzzed and circled, weaving in and out tirelessly in a shaft of hot sunshine.

Water and pines and sunset, and the pleasant odor of cooking fruit drifting out from somewhere downstairs, and blending with the outdoor smells: Beatrice liked this hour, this soft and weary hour when it seemed good to be at home, with supper and books and her own straight white bed awaiting her.

Suddenly, as she stood there peacefully, her body crooked a little, to rest against the porch door, her idle eyes drifting to and fro across the scene below her, her heart rose on a jump of fright. And instantly she saw that the man who was standing still, in the warm shade of the pines—the man whose presence had alarmed her—was no stranger, no intruder, but was Bert.

Their eyes met, Beatrice instinctively warning him, with a jerk of her head, and a finger at her lip, that Hugh was asleep, and Bert merely greeting her with a wave of the hand, before he turned and went noiselessly away through the wood.

Beatrice stood there, her heart beating fast and the color draining from her face. Her knees felt weak, and she felt dazed and cold. For suddenly, and quite simply and convincingly, she knew.

She knew. And the palms of her hands went wet against each other, and she pressed them against her heart.

"You poor fool, you never saw it!" she said audibly. And then, after a silence, "That's it, is it? You poor fool—"

She went inside. Hugh was up and at the window, looking out in the same direction her own look had taken, from the porch. Had he seen Bert? The first need for evasion and concealment that Beatrice's life had known made it natural for her to avoid his eye. She went about the room, straightening pillows, replacing books, humming.

"Was that Bert?" Hugh asked quietly. Beatrice looked up innocently. But her heart turned over.

"Bert?" she asked, swallowing.

Was there reason for the lie or was there not? She could not think. It seemed safer not to have seen Bert, to know nothing about it.

"It looked like Bert, going off there," Hugh said.

"I didn't see him," Beatrice answered easily, pulling her gown over her head.

"Is he coming to dinner?" Hugh asked.

"I don't know, dear. I don't think so," Beatrice answered, with an air of candor.

She felt a little nervous and uncomfortable, but not guilty. Her whole thought was for Hugh; if it could be done, he must be spared suspicions of her own amazing suspicion—no, it was more than that. It was certainty now.

SHE was freshly tubbed and brushed and in a cool gown before he said anything of significance. Then he asked carelessly: "Weren't you—weren't you out on the porch, Bee?"

"Out on the porch?"

"Yes, just before we started dressing."

"Yes, I was. Why?" Beatrice interrogated in her turn.

"It seems so odd," he said hesitatingly, "that you didn't see Bert."

An impulse to say casually, "Well, I did, darling, and what possessed me to deny it I don't know," smote her, and she was afraid that a certain wavering showed in her eyes. She began to screw on earrings fiercely, wondering—wondering how much he had seen through the mirror in her face.

HE SAID nothing more, and they dressed and went downstairs to their summer dinner, with the candle flames moving about uneasily in warm night air, and the lake making angry little splashes on the shore, in the dark, and the distant thunder crackling and muttering.

"It's suffocating, Hugh."

"It's going to storm."

"What a relief when it does!" Beatrice said.

"You don't feel that you are going to faint, dear?" he asked punctiliously. "You wouldn't like to lie down?"

"Oh, no! We'll just have to wait until it breaks, that's all." She had never fainted; she had never wanted to lie down just because of heat. His solicitude alarmed her, made her uneasy. "I think I'll telephone your mother after dinner," she said unnaturally. "She hates thunderstorms."

"I think Minnie's there," Hugh said constrainedly.

"On, yes, I know she is!"

"And isn't Bert?" he asked.

"I suppose so." Beatrice felt as if she had prickly heat. She remembered that Bert always answered the telephone at his grandmother's house. Hugh knew that too, of course. Could he possibly think—was he thinking now—that she had had that in mind when she offered to telephone?

If she but dared to break out into the nervous laughter that was bottled up within her, to say easily and frankly, "Hugh, why are we talking this way—this isn't like us! Bert *was* below my window before dinner, and I lied about it because I didn't understand it myself and didn't dare." For the first time in their relationship she felt the difference in their ages: felt that he was an important, middle-aged man, and that she was an extremely insignificant girl. She was shy and self-conscious and was even a little afraid of him.

To underscore the situation with words would only make matters infinitely worse. The only thing to do was to proceed as if nothing at all had occurred.

The air grew closer and heavier; they cut their dinner short, and went into the sitting-room, where Hugh's work table was. The weight of the night was pressing down over the house like a great pillow now; Beatrice went to one of the open windows. It framed only blackness and the troubled breathing of the lake.

The telephone rang; her eyes jumped at the sound, were fixed on Hugh as he reached for the instrument and drew it toward him.

It was not Bert, but it made her think of Bert. And with the thought something strange and thrilling, and curiously weakening even while it exhilarated her, seemed to flow through her whole being, and she sat lost in a strange, sweet, troubled dream. Never (*Continued on page 38*)

Still he hesitated, looking at her irresolutely. "I'm—I'm not enjoying it exactly," he said

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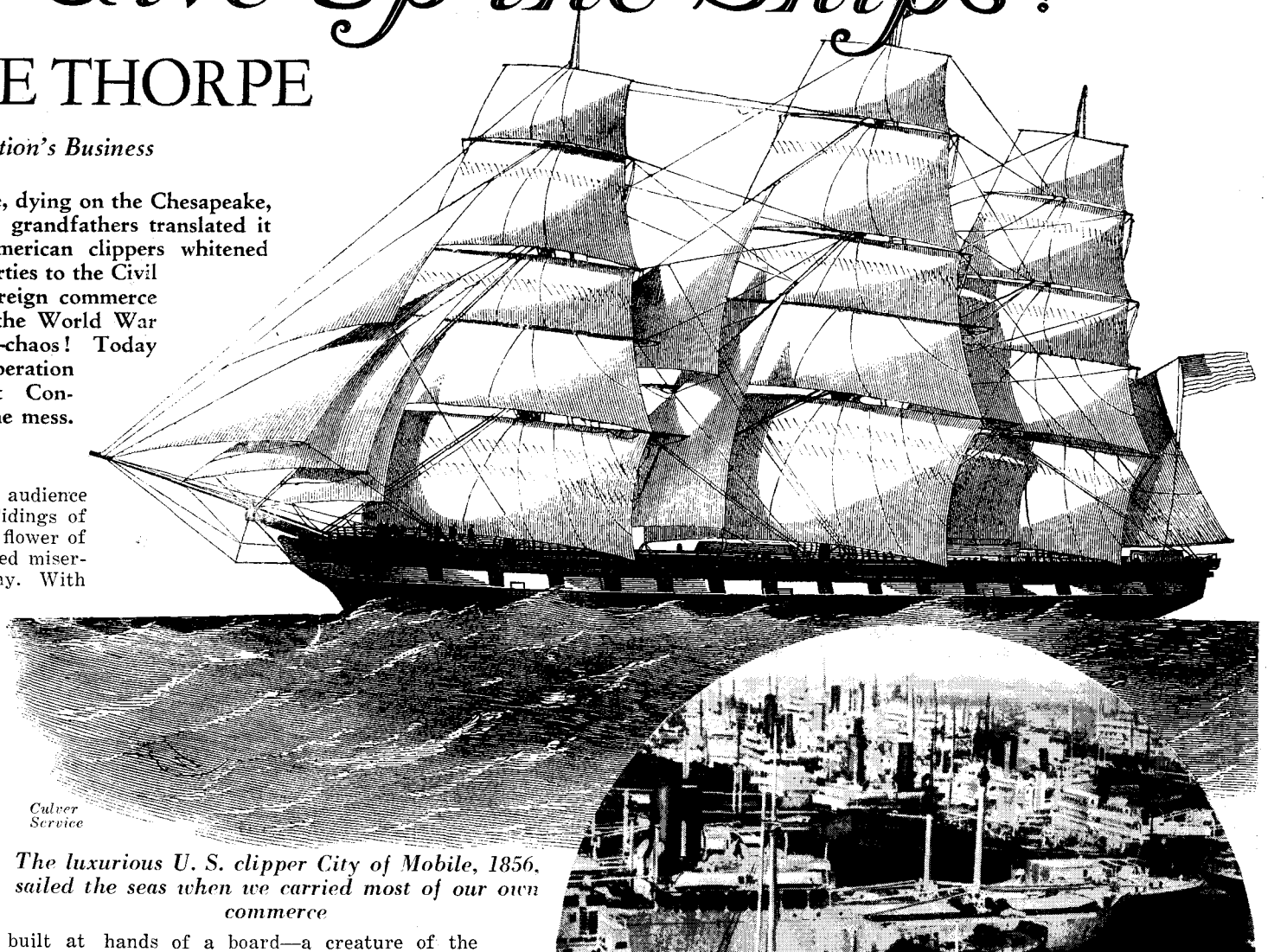
Don't Give Up the Ships!

By MERLE THORPE

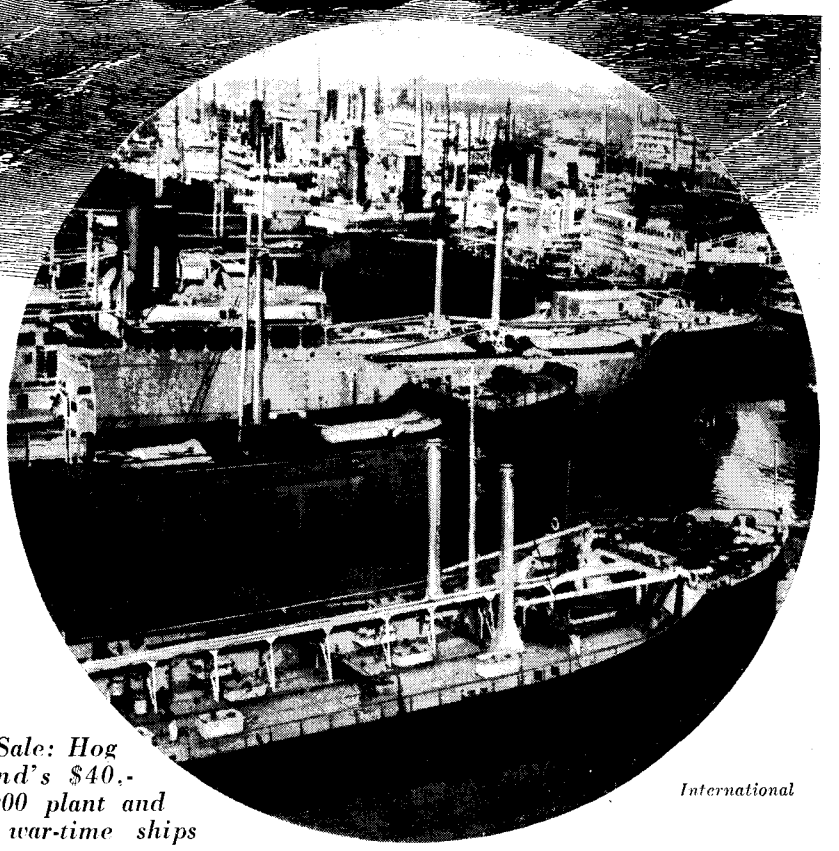
Editor, Nation's Business

BRAVE Captain Lawrence, dying on the Chesapeake, sounded an ideal. Our grandfathers translated it into peace-time action. American clippers whitened the seven seas. From the forties to the Civil War 80 per cent of our foreign commerce sailed under our flag. At the World War —8 per cent! Since then—chaos! Today benumbing government operation looms, though subsequent Congresses may get us out of the mess.



Culver Service

The luxurious U. S. clipper City of Mobile, 1856, sailed the seas when we carried most of our own commerce



For Sale: Hog Island's $40,000,000 plant and 101 war-time ships

International

THE Emperor paced the audience room of the Cæsars. Tidings of disaster had come. The flower of Roman arms had perished miserably in the marshes of Germany. With a gesture of despair the Emperor, apostrophizing the absent and hapless leader of the lost host, exclaimed:

"Varus, where are my legions?"

With equal insistence the American sovereign, the citizen, might now ask Congress and the Shipping Board:

"Where are my ships?"

Thrust into war shipless, the country set about the building of ships—wooden ships, steel ships, concrete ships—three billion dollars' worth of ships. They were built at nearly four times normal cost because of the terrific pressure of the emergency. It was an exigency of the times. It serves no good purpose now to say that NONE of these ships was ready until the war was over, or to lament errors of this frenzied haste and waste.

The only interest in this phase of our ship saga is that it reminds us of our monumental folly in neglecting the seas.

There was a time when the Yankee merchant marine was second to none. From the forties until the early sixties the Yankee clipper sailed the seven seas and carried nearly 80 per cent of American foreign commerce into the world's markets.

Then came the Civil War and Reconstruction. Men's minds turned from the sea to the vast frontiers of inland America and their opportunities for empire building. Our flag all but disappeared from the trade routes of the world.

Just before our shipless condition was forced home upon us in terms of national peril, LESS THAN 8 PER CENT OF AMERICA'S FOREIGN TRADE WAS CARRIED IN AMERICAN SHIPS.

The war over and those new ships on hand—3,000 of them—Congress said:

"We'll not be caught again. We'll not neglect our ships and shipping. We'll sell these ships to private operators and encourage the operation of them as private enterprises, and as an indispensable service to our foreign commerce in time of peace. Thus we shall have ships at hand for national defense in time of war."

That's the A B C of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920. The idea was sound and in keeping with traditional American policy to encourage private initiative in the development of commercial resources and enterprises. But Congress stumbled in putting it into effect. Congress left too much in the hands of a board—a creature of the law, to be sure, but removed from direct responsibility either to the public or to the Executive.

Congress told the Shipping Board that a privately owned merchant marine was the thing desired, and instructed the board to sell the ships. But the board, interpreting its discretionary powers with the utmost latitude, delayed the liquidation of the fleet. Meanwhile our chief shipping rival, Great Britain, in twelve months sold all its government ships to private operators and thus put its marine on a sound peace basis.

Eight years after the passing of the act directing the board to dispose of the American fleet we find the bulk of that fleet yet in government ownership. Most of these ships are "tied up"; many have been burned as worthless. About 200 are in operation in some twenty ocean-going trade routes established by the Shipping Board, under arrangements whereby the operators of the ships are paid a commission on the gross freight carried, regardless of profit or loss.

The federal treasury stands all the losses, $226,000,000 in operating expenses alone, not counting depreciation, interest on investment or the many other items of expense never shown in government bookkeeping.

Red Tape Interferes

IN HIS message to the Seventieth Congress lately adjourned, President Coolidge said:

"Public operation is not a success. No investigation, of which I have caused several to be made, has failed to report that it could not succeed, or to recommend speedy transfer to private ownership. It should be our policy to keep our present vessels in repair, and to dispose of them as rapidly as possible rather than undertake new construction. Their operation is a burden on the national treasury for which we are not receiving sufficient benefits."

Why is public operation not a success? We need a fleet against a possible war emergency, so why not let the government build and own the ships and operate them as commerce carriers in peace time?

What's wrong? This:

Government isn't a business organization. Its mechanisms, admirably designed for the purposes for which they are intended, have not the tempo of business functions and cannot be adapted to that tempo.

To be sure, the government can run ships as long as the public is willing to pay the losses. But the business of operating a merchant marine is more than merely keeping ships sailing from port to port—and compiling loss figures. The ocean shipping business is minutely complex, the most intricate known to man.

The building, ownership and operation of ships is but a part of it. The marketing of our goods abroad requires as well a closely knit, synchronized organization of industry, banking, insurance, brokerage, freight forwarding and the like.

The mechanisms of government—its "red tape," if you please—simply can't conduct such a business. It was not built that way. Then too, the executive turnover is appalling. Commissioners and executives have come into the Shipping Board and Fleet Corporation, stayed their short hour, and gone their way—FORTY-ONE IN TEN YEARS!

Imagine a three-billion-dollar private enterprise with such an executive and directoral turnover!

These defects are reflected in the results of the government's venture into ocean shipping. In 1920 American flag shipping carried 42.7 PER CENT of our total foreign commerce. This year the percentage will be a SCANT 30.

When this state of things is brought into the discussion, the government-ownership advocate usually launches into denunciation.

"That," he tells you, "is a shame and a disgrace. It's the result of a conspiracy between foreign ship owners and American (*Continued on page 42*)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATWATER KENT RADIO

MODEL 40

the 1929 electric set!

that gives you all you ask of fine radio for $77

(Without tubes)

Model 40 A. C. set. Satin-finished in brown and gold or deep golden bronze and gold. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle, alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, $77.

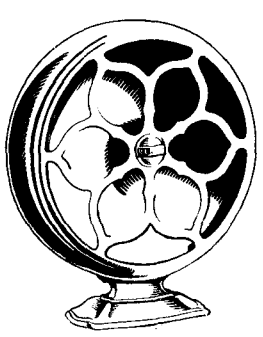
YOUR 1929 electric radio is here!

Get it now and enjoy it now. Tuck it into your car for your vacation. Plug in wherever there's a lamp socket. Dance to distant music, brought up close. Reserve your living-room seat for the speeches of Hoover and Smith. Follow the great airplane adventures. Tour the air tonight—any night—with this surer and simpler and better receiver.

Model 40 proudly steps forth as the 1929 successor of 1928's best seller—the famous Atwater Kent 37, approved by more than 200,000 families. Model 40 marks a decided advance. But the price—because of ever-increasing demand—is still lower—only $77!

Far greater sensitivity—that means a much greater range of stations at the command of the FULL-VISION Dial. The new built-in power unit, sealed against atmospheric action, is smaller and the whole set is five pounds lighter. The improved volume control carries the pure tone smoothly through every gradation of sound.

This set uses about as much electricity as a single 40-watt lamp—considerably less than a cent's worth an hour. Into it is built that sturdy *lastingness* which relieves 1,650,000 Atwater Kent owners from annoyance and service fees.



Model 42 A. C. set with automatic line voltage regulator, $86, and Model 44, an extra-powerful, extra-sensitive seven-tube A. C. set, $106.

Battery sets, $49 and $68 (less tubes and batteries).

"Radio's truest voice"
Atwater Kent Radio Speaker: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each $20.

Twenty-six years of precision manufacturing, including six years of radio, give this simple, beautiful, reliable Model 40 a fineness not to be described in words. See it and try it—to believe. The nearest Atwater Kent dealer offers you a home demonstration. Don't miss a day of this greatest radio year. *The* set of 1929 is ready for you *now*.

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4752 Wissahickon Avenue · Philadelphia, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

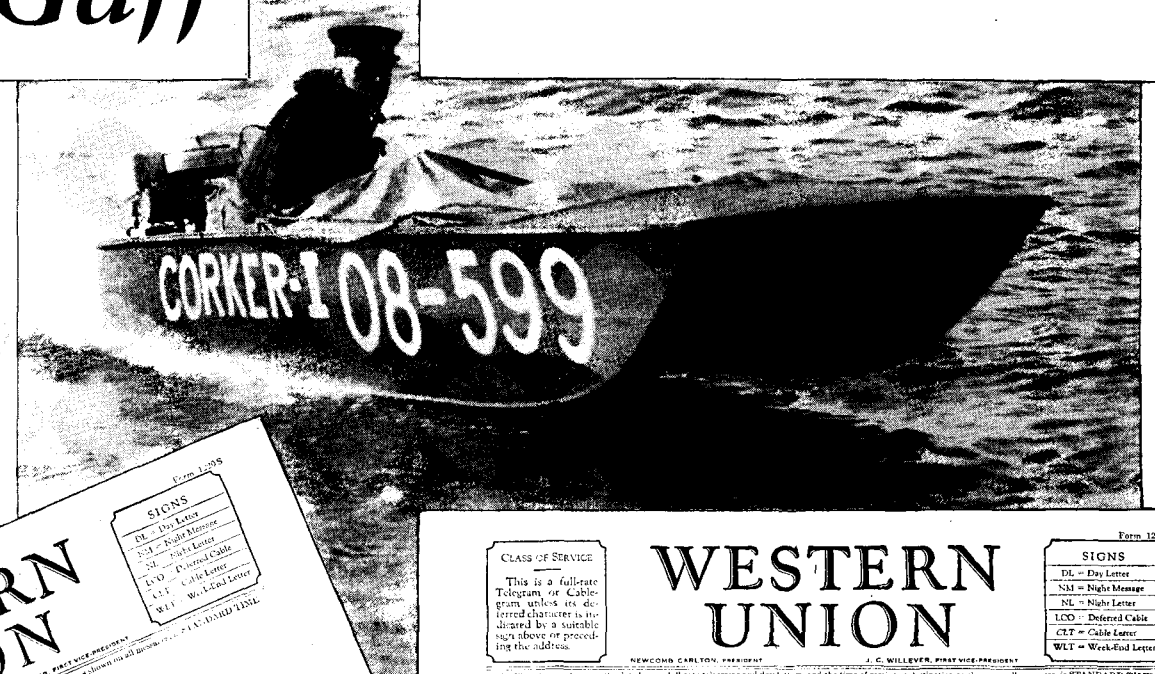
She Wins— because she Stands the Gaff

*H*ere are five wires from fast friends of Sea Sled who didn't take time to write.

They tell a story of six months' consistent, steady performance from January 15 to July 4.

They cover the United States from Boston to San Diego—from up near the Canadian border to Shreveport down on the Gulf.

And we still insist that Model 13 is not a racing machine—



WESTERN UNION

CLASS OF SERVICE: This is a full-rate Telegram or Cable-gram unless its de-ferred character is in-dicated by a suitable sign above or preced-ing the address.

SIGNS: DL = Day Letter; NM = Night Message; NL = Night Letter; LCO = Deferred Cable; CLT = Cable Letter; WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT — J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

47 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK

NA 183 23 DL SHREVEPORT LA 5 1131A

SEA SLED CORP
226 228 FOURTH AVE

MODEL THIRTEEN SEA SLED WON THE NINE MILE RACE OVER A BIG FIELD IN THE JULY FOURTH REGATTA AT SHREVEPORT LOUISIANA CONGRATULATIONS

WALLACE J MCGUIRE

WESTERN UNION

CLASS OF SERVICE: This is a full-rate Telegram or Cable-gram unless its de-ferred character is in-dicated by a suitable sign above or preced-ing the address.

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Received at

47 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK

NA260 28 DL CNT DASHES JAMESTOWN NY 31 103P

SEA SLED CORP
226 228 FOURTH AVE

OUR MODEL 13 SEA SLED POWERED WITH SPEEDY TWIN EVINRUDE EASILY WON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE THIRTY MILE MARATHON MEMORIAL DAY RACE TIME 1-5-40

SPORTSMENS SUPPLY CO INC

WESTERN UNION

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SIGNS: DL = Day Letter; NM = Night Message; NL = Night Letter; LCO = Deferred Cable; CLT = Cable Letter; WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT — J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at

47 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK

107 COLLECT NL 1/135 SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA JANUARY 16 1928

SV206

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION
226 FOURTH AVENUE NEWYORK NY

MODEL THIRTEEN STOCK SEA SLED EQUIPPED WITH JOHNSON EIGHT HORSE MOTOR ENTERED BY RAYMOND MORRIS AND DRIVEN BY KIRKLAND JENKINS WON THE FIFTY-TWO MILE OCEAN SWEEPSTAKES FOR OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS FROM A FIELD OF THIRTY SEVEN STARTERS AT CATALINA ISLAND JANUARY FIFTEENTH STOP RACE WAS HELD IN OPEN SEA UNDER STORM CONDITIONS STOP TWENTY NINE BOATS WENT OUT OF COMMISSION THE FIRST LAP STOP EIGHT STARTED THE SECOND LAP BUT THE SEA SLED WAS THE ONLY ONE TO FINISH STOP EVERY TYPE OF BOAT WAS ENTERED FROM RACING HYDROPLANES TO CLINKER BUILT SKIFFS INCLUDING ONE DORY STOP ALL TYPE SWAMPED OR SMASHED EXCEPT THE SEA SLED STOP DRIVER AND SLED FINISHED AS DRY AS THEN THEY STARTED STOP A CAREFUL EXAMINATION AFTER THE RACE SHOWED ABSOLUTELY NO SIGNS OF STRAIN OR DAMAGE

RAYMOND V MORRIS

NA 384 55 TOMPKINSVILLE NY 16 501PM
K R WINSLOW, VICE PRESIDENT SEA SLED CORP
226 FOURTH AVE

OUR MODEL THIRTEEN SEA SLED WAS FIRST TO FINISH THE SUNDAY HUNDRED AND THIRTY THREE MILE RACE FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK STOP OWING TO HIGH WINDS AND ROUGH WATER ONLY SIX BOATS OUT OF A POSSIBLE FIELD OF FIFTY WERE WILLING TO START STOP THREE BOATS FINISHED SEA SLED BEING THIRTY FIVE MINUTES AHEAD OF SECOND BOAT

SMITH AND THATEN

FLUSHING NY JUN 16 1928

THE SEA SLED CORP
226 4 AVE NEWYORK NY

MY MODEL THIRTEEN SEA SLED POWERED WITH AN EVINRUDE SPEEDITWIN WAS THE FIRST TO FINISH IN THE BOSTON NEWYORK OCEAN RACE STOP I WAS NEVER PASSED AFTER ENTERING THE CAPE COD CANAL FORTY MILES FROM THE START STOP THE TWO HUNDRED FIFTY MILES GAVE US EVERY SORT OF WEATHER FROM A NASTY CHOP COMBINED WITH OCEAN SWELLS TO TIDE RIPS AND DEAD CALMS STOP SLED WAS DRY AND COMFORTABLE FOR THE ENTIRE TRIP STOP CHAPMAN IN A MODEL SIXTEEN SEA SLED FINISHED THIRD AND ANOTHER SIXTEEN FINISHED FIFTH

C R STEVENS JR

TRADE-MARK REG. **SEA SLED** U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's for August 18, 1928

The Last Reel

A Short Short Story

Illustrated by WALTER BEACH HUMPHREY

Getting licked was the last thing he thought of, but it had to come

By STEWART ROBERTSON

I WAS reading in a magazine the other day where some professor fellow says how prize fighters are about two jumps from wild animals. No decency, he said, no self-respect and a lot more guff like that. But when he claimed they have no shame I got pretty well steamed up because it made me think of Bonecrusher Halstrom.

You remember him, all right; that is, you do if you follow the fight racket. The Socking Swede, they called him. He never took a step backward and he won the lightweight championship off the nigger by outgaming him. That was the Bonecrusher every time; always ready to take three punches to land one of his own, and he hung on to his title until he met up with a guy just like himself, only six years younger.

This one was a little Polack who called himself Ed Wilson, otherwise the Wisconsin Wolverine, and what does he do but walk up to the Swede in a Kansas City saloon and invite him out into the alley!

"Come on, you snuff-chewin' squarehead," he said, "and I'll plant you with the rest of the weeds."

"Yeah?" said the Bonecrusher. "You an' who else?"

"Just let me alone," answered Wilson, who was as chesty as a pouter pigeon, "and when I grab off your title I'll take your woman along with it," he said, smirking at the Bonecrusher's girl, Goldie, who was sitting at the table.

The Bonecrusher was all for climbing him like a stepladder, but some of us business men switched him off and arranged for a battle at Carson City.

Getting licked was the last thing the Bonecrusher thought of, but it had to come. He fought the fortieth round by watching the Wolverine's feet through a bloody mist and trying to guess where he'd hit next. And then, when he was floundering in the last round, blind but still plodding forward and feeling for Wilson, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I threw in the sponge.

But after the fight the Bonecrusher had one bright spot.

"I still got Goldie," he used to say to me, with a foolish look on his face. "I'll quit when I get my title back, and then maybe she'll marry me. Gosh, Jack," he'd say, "she certainly is a swell jane."

Well, I couldn't see this Goldie at all. He'd dragged her out of a turkey burlesque show, so you know the type. Or maybe you don't. Anyhow, she'd trade a canoe for a battleship any old time, and about a week after the fight she blew into the hotel at San Francisco and looked at Halstrom with those glittery snake eyes of hers.

"Get this," screeched Goldie, working herself up to the big blow-off: "I just seen the movin' pitchers, and you're through. All washed up, see? You're nothin' but a has-been, staggerin' around like some prelim boy. And when it shows the kayo I thought I'd die of shame. Some of them piker gamblers was sittin' near, and one of them says, 'Look, there's Halstrom's girl.' So then I starts in laughin', and I says to them, 'Not no more, she ain't,' and now I'm here to tell you the same. So long, Swede, and the cage for you, you funny-lookin' gorilla." The last crack was for me.

The Bonecrusher just stood there gaping and let her parade on out.

"She don't really mean it, Jack," he said, trying to grin. "She'll come back."

But she never did. And from what I hear she trailed around the Middle West with the Wolverine.

"I hate to think of her laughin' at me, Jack," he said one day. "Maybe them pitchers is keepin' her away. I'm goin' to buy them outright," he said, sticking out his jaw, "and then her nor nobody else will be able to see that cheese put the bee on me, because I'll burn 'em."

And he did. He had a third of the movie rights, of course, and his share was a healthy wad. After a year they weren't worth much, so the Bonecrusher began to buy every print he could find. Finally it got so there was only one left, but we couldn't locate it, and he began to mope and worry.

Wilson never would give us a return match, and the Bonecrusher quit the ring and began to fight the con. Between that and the athlete's trademark, dilation of the heart, he had plenty of grief. Then we got a break. We owned a few acres of mud near Chicago and Chi kept growing until the subdivision boys were throwing money at us. Going to make it a classy suburb, they said.

We bought a swell car and, as the Bonecrusher still had the bug about getting that missing reel, we made nearly every whistling point in the country searching for it.

ONE morning last spring we drove into Miles City and hit the depot restaurant for a feed. At once I heard the Swede make a choky noise. He was staring across the counter at a sloppy fat blonde like she was Corinne Griffith. She spoke first: "What'll you have?"

"Just you, Goldie," said Halstrom.

She sneered and looked at his clothes.

"You're out of luck for a free meal."

"Listen, honey," he gulped, "I got money—lots of it."

Her eyes flickered at that.

I tried to horn in, but it was no use. The Bonecrusher spilled the whole works, and you could see her thawing with every word. I went out and looked at the tracks, and when I came back they were just breaking from a clinch.

Well, we left Goldie to finish her last day as a hasher and headed for a hotel to clean up. Suddenly the Swede let out a yell. "My Gawd!" he yelled. "This is sure my lucky day."

I took a slant and saw two fellows just nailing up an advertising banner across a little movie house. "TONIGHT ONLY—ORIGINAL PICTURES OF THE HALSTROM-WILSON FIGHT—SEE THE DOWNFALL OF A GREAT CHAMPION!"

We made the manager an offer for the reel, but nothing doing. "It ain't mine to sell," he said. "I only rent it from an exchange, and I haven't even seen it yet. It came in on the morning train, so I reckon it's down at the depot right now."

Back we drove to the station, and sure enough there was the film in one of those fireproof containers. Halstrom scooped it up, but just as he did out rushed the agent, yelling his head off. We whirled and breezed through town doing seventy, across the Yellowstone bridge and up those bare hills on the northern side. The Swede killed the motor on the edge of a prairie and started hammering at the tin case with a jack. Pretty soon he sprung it, threw it into a clump of sage, and dumped a can of oil on top. Just as he dropped a match up tore a big car with the agent and some doubles for Tom Mix.

"Gimme that film," shouted one big guy with a nickel star.

The Swede looked behind him and saw that only half of it was gone. And then for a moment it was the old Bonecrusher once more, crouched and tense, his knobby hands poised ready for the famous one-two.

"Try and get it," he snarled, and as the cornfed rushed, wide open, he let him have it, stomach and jaw.

The hick plowed up a lot of dirt, but I had no time for him because I was watching the Swede. His eyes were on the wisp of smoke that signaled the end of the film, but they were cloudy with pain. Then he gasped hard, trembled a little and died. And when I figure all that dame would have done to him I guess it was just as well.

I tried to give the sheriff the low-down on what had happened. He seemed rather uncomfortable and gave me a queer look when I finished.

"Your friend died game," he said, "and I guess he'll never know the difference."

"What do you mean, difference?"

"Well," said the sheriff, "you fellows grabbed your stuff from the wrong end of the platform. That was the picture they showed last night—seven reels of Mary Pickford."

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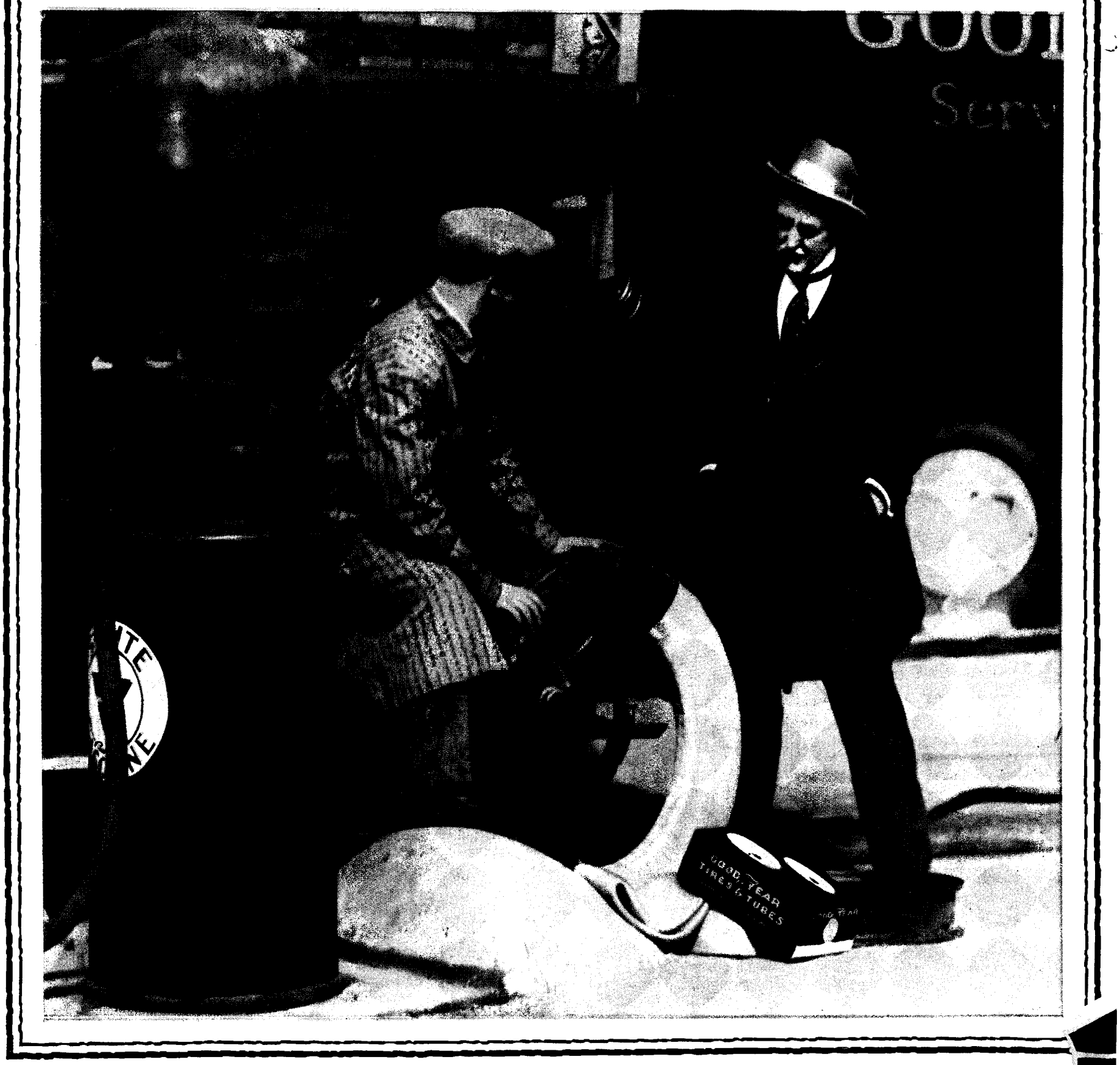

GOOD

THE GREATEST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE IS NO TEACHER like experience.

Remember this when you need to buy a new tire.

And remember that out of the teachings of experience—

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Could anything finer be said of the quality of Goodyear Tires?

Do you need any stronger reason for *insisting* on Goodyears and refusing anything else?

GOODYEAR

NAME IN RUBBER

Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

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Collier's *for August 18, 1928*

Facts About Lipsticks

Treat her as just one more fact and she'll resent it. Girls are like that

Timothy stood, jabbing his notebook full of facts and blushing furiously

"FACTS," thundered Mr. Amos Gildersleeve, slapping down his hand on top of his desk—"that's what we deal with here. Facts, facts, facts, facts, facts. . . ."

"The fact is, then," said Timothy Ware, "that I want to work for you."

Mr. Amos Gildersleeve paused. He was a short man, round and red, with the high, bright shine of prosperity upon him, and he did not look like one accustomed to being interrupted. Timothy himself would not have dared to interrupt if it had not been for Dorcas Bramley. But, then, if it had not been for Dorcas Bramley, and a certain way she had of looking up at you as if she expected you to dare to do 'most anything, he would not have been there, anyhow. Mr. Amos Gildersleeve, Dorcas Bramley's uncle, was not a man you dropped in on just for fun.

"Nothing doing," Mr. Gildersleeve said. "You're all alike. Rah-rah boys, right out of college. Coming here with your theories. I want facts. . . ."

"I'm not a rah-rah boy," interrupted Timothy Ware gently.

"Don't you play golf?" demanded Mr. Gildersleeve.

"Yes."

"Tennis?"

"Yes."

"Row?"

"Yes."

"Dance?"

"Yes."

"Then you're a rah-rah boy," said Mr. Gildersleeve; and he puffed his cheeks out and curled his lips in with the air of one who could have taught Webster a thing or two about a dictionary.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE had the reputation for making applicants for positions with the Gildersleeve Advertising Agency feel extremely small. On Timothy it had the opposite effect. He felt six feet high and twelve feet broad and all hands and elbows. He did not dare look down at his feet for fear they might be so far away he could not see them. So he looked at Mr. Gildersleeve, and he thought of Dorcas Bramley, and he said: "But I want to work for you, sir. There's something about you that makes me want to work for you more than for anyone else."

"Uh," said Mr. Gildersleeve. "What's that?"

"It's a little bit hard to explain," said Timothy carefully, "because it's so kind of . . . personal." The thought of Dorcas Bramley gave him courage to go on: "You see, you've got something that nobody else has got."

"Uh," said Mr. Gildersleeve.

"There's something about this organization," Timothy continued, thinking of Dorcas downstairs in her office and warming to his subject, "that every organization doesn't have."

"Uh," said Mr. Gildersleeve.

"And that makes me feel," said Timothy, "as if I'd like to be connected with it too. As if I'd like to be in touch with what I'd be in touch with if I were in touch with you."

Mr. Gildersleeve only grunted. His eyes were sharp and shining like bright lights hung in a hedge of eyebrows, and Timothy felt bigger and hotter and more unnecessary every minute. "What sterling is to silver," said Mr. Gildersleeve at last—this was one of his best speeches and he delivered it well—"what sterling is to silver, what twenty-four carat is to gold, what first edition is to books, that's what Gildersleeve's is to advertising. You understand that, young man."

"Yes, sir," said Timothy.

"And still you think *you* could be of value to Gildersleeve's!" The look he gave Timothy was the look Noah gave the malarial mosquito when he saw it buzzing into the Ark.

TIMOTHY WARE, looking back, did not really see Mr. Gildersleeve at all; the round red face, the round brown toes to his boots, the round gold watch charm shining on his round protruding stomach, all faded into the vagueness of reality before the splendor of a vision. The vision had to do with scarlet lips and smooth black hair; it had to do with a warm small hand that had touched his in a breath-catching moment; a warm young voice to match, clear and low. "How do you do, Mr. Ware? Frightful jam, isn't it?" Timothy considered these about the most wonderful words that had ever been spoken. And somewhere in the maze of offices downstairs the vision was concealed.

Timothy's gaze never wavered. "I think," said Timothy, "that Gildersleeve's might be of value to *me*."

Afterward Timothy was aware that Mr. Gildersleeve was still speaking. Mr. Gildersleeve was called the Advertising King, and he didn't care who knew it. "When I pick anybody to work in my organization, I pick him right, see? I don't hire every old Thomas, Richard and Harrison. I don't hire everybody that's got a square chin and a slick tongue. If I think a man's worth trying, I give him a problem in facts, see? Give him a month to work on it. No pay. No advice. No nothing. If he turns up anything we can use, I put him on the pay roll. If he doesn't, I put him out the door. Simple, see? Want to try it?"

"Yes, sir," said Timothy. He would have said yes to anything that implied a month in the same building with Dorcas Bramley.

"Right," said Mr. Gildersleeve. He jerked out a drawer in a cabinet marked "Fact File." He mumbled to himself as he thumbed through the salmon-pink cards. "Facts about ophthalmoscopes; I gave that to Butterworth. Facts about noodles; I gave that to Sims. Facts about matches . . . Singleton Barracks. Here we are. Facts about lipsticks. You can take that one, Mr. Ware."

"What!" cried Timothy. The warmth of his embarrassment congealed about him, like a cold fog from the sea. "*What!*"

"Lipsticks," repeated Mr. Gildersleeve a little louder.

"You mean lipsticks?" cried Timothy aghast. "You mean those—those little *sticks* that ladies fix their—their *lips* with? You mean for me to go and—and find out *facts* about them?"

"Right," said Mr. Gildersleeve.

QUITE a long time after that Timothy Ware became conscious that he was walking downstairs; he had a feeling that he might have been walking downstairs for hours without getting anywhere, and the only assurance he had that anything that seemed to have happened had happened really was a salmon-pink index card clutched tightly in his fingers. He swung down a long corridor and opened a door at the end marked Reference Room.

Opening that door was like walking out of a dark cellar into a dazzle of sunlight. It was not that the Reference Room itself was such a gladsome spot—Timothy was dimly aware of a background of young men poring over fat volumes. But at the front of the room, behind a desk, sat the research assistant, Dorcas Bramley.

Dorcas Bramley was one of those perfectly gorgeous things that happen sometimes. She had black hair—really black—and shining, and she had let it grow the minute everybody else got hers short; she parted it and smoothed it down very sleek behind her ears and said she was trying to look demure to match her name. But she didn't. That straight, arrogant, small nose, those red lips turned to the curve of mockery, were never made for demureness; when she glanced up now out of eyes surprisingly clear-blue under the slim line of black brows, she looked about as demure as Cleopatra's kid sister.

"Good *morning*," stammered Timothy.

"Good morning," said Miss Bramley. She did not seem as surprised and pleased at meeting him again as Timothy had hoped. She sounded just the least bit businesslike.

"Don't you remember me?" cried Timothy in a panic. "I met you last night at the Thomassons'. You—you shook hands with me."

"Did I?" said Dorcas. "I must have shaken hands with about a thousand people."

"But you said good evening," Timothy pleaded. "Don't you remember that?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

Illustrated by R. JOHN HOLMGREN

Timothy was surrounded by a group of young things drinking scalding tea and ice-cold punch to prove that the right lipstick wouldn't wash off

'Good evening. Frightful jam, isn't it?' That's what you said."

"I said it to about nine hundred," Dorcas estimated. She put her head on one side, regarding him, and her red lips turned. "Seems to me I do remember you, sort of," she admitted. "Didn't I keep seeing you round every little while?"

"That's it," cried Timothy eagerly. "That's the one I was. After that I was right round where you were all the evening." He added: "I'm going to work here now. At least, I'm going to a month. I'm collecting . . . *facts*. . . ." He hesitated over the preposterous details.

Dorcas indicated a vacant desk beside a window. "Mr. Budge just left it yesterday."

"Did your uncle give him a job?" asked Timothy.

"No," said Dorcas Bramley.

TIMOTHY walked beside Dorcas down a double row of young men, busy over books and files and what not. Timothy did not look at them, because he was looking at Dorcas; it was pleasant to walk beside Dorcas Bramley even for such a short distance and on such a businesslike errand.

"This is Mr. Sims," Dorcas was saying.

Timothy shook hands with Mr. Sims, who was collecting facts about noodles; with Mr. Butterworth, who was collecting facts about ophthalmoscopes. "And Mr. Barracks," said Dorcas.

Mr. Singleton Barracks rose and bowed, but he did not seem to see the hand that Timothy Ware proffered. Right away Timothy did not like Mr. Barracks. The trouble with him, he decided, was that he was just too darned perfect.

It was not only the perfection of Mr. Barracks' dress, though that was just a shade too perfect for his calling. It was not even the perfection of his tiny dark polka-dot mustache, and the way his dark hair rippled back in symmetrical waves from a narrow forehead, that most irked Timothy. Rather it was his complete self-confidence: the neatness of his gesture and the assurance of his glance. He looked Timothy deliberately up and down, as if he were estimating the value of his tie and socks. But there was no reason why he should have laughed.

Timothy Ware was a tall young man, with the clear blue eyes and the clear-brown skin of one who had spent much time out of doors, and his fair hair was burned fairer by sun and wind. He looked like a man who would be more at home behind the sail of a boat or the wheel of a car than in the Reference Room of the Gildersleeve Advertising Agency—and he was. But there was nothing ridiculous about him except that small pink card gripped between his fingers.

Barracks' eye fell upon the card. If Singleton Barracks had a genius, it was for picking out the weaknesses of other men.

"What you got?" he asked.

"Lip—lipsticks," said Timothy. It seemed to him that the entire room had laid aside its work to listen. In case anyone might have missed, however, Barracks repeated it.

"Lipsticks!" he said "*Lip*sticks! Say, that's good. What do you know about lipsticks?"

"Nothing," said Timothy—"yet."

He was aware of a smile going the rounds behind his back.

"I understand you're working on matches," he said—just to say something.

"Particularly one match," said Barracks subtly. The way he looked at Dorcas Bramley, the faint color that bloomed suddenly in her cheeks, told Timothy a lot more than he wanted to know.

THEY moved toward the vacant desk beside the window. "The reference books are arranged alphabetically," Dorcas said, "and the magazine files are in the gallery. If there's anything you want that you haven't got, I'll try to get it for you."

"Do you really mean that?" said Timothy. He examined the desk and added: "I don't think I'll like this. I'd rather have the one over there."

"The light is not nearly so good."

"It's nearer to you," said Timothy.

Nevertheless, when Timothy had established himself at the desk that was nearer to Dorcas Bramley, he felt like a prize fool. It would be always the way it had been the night before: he would be one of nine hundred; one of a thousand; one of a million, maybe, who would shake her hand and vanish.

At first Timothy had been pleased at getting even halfway into Gildersleeve's. Now he saw that the job too was an absurdity. Sims, who was working on facts about noodles at the next desk, helped him see it clearly. Sims was a little man with a big head that dropped forward on an inadequate neck as if the stem had not grown big enough to hold the flower.

"You might just as well get out before you begin," he said. "You won't get a job. None of us will. Not one in a thousand does. Lord, no, not one in five."

"Then there are 499 chances against me," said Timothy thoughtfully.

"More than that," Sims assured him with a faint giggle. "Barracks has the one chance in the next five hundred nailed. He's going to marry Miss Bramley. The old man's keen for it. I'll say this for the old man, though: he's fair. He's running Barracks right through the mill, like all the rest of us."

TIMOTHY only half heard him. "Are they engaged?"

Sims never said he didn't know. "They might be," he admitted; and he launched at once into details about Dorcas Bramley. Dorcas, he said, was a little wow. She had the whole town after her. All she had to do was to crook her finger and everyone came running. She had been out a year; then she got tired of society, and wanted to try business. The old man encouraged her. He had queer ideas: said he'd rather have her marry a business man with guts than a lounge lizard with a fortune. She'd worked, though; Sims would say that for her. But of course there was never any trouble if she wanted a day off. . . .

Timothy did not encourage these confidences. He did not want to talk about Dorcas Bramley; he wanted to think about her. Also he felt it his duty to think about lipsticks.

Timothy thought about lipsticks for quite a while. He looked up lipsticks in the dictionary, and it wasn't there; then he looked it up in the encyclopedia, and it wasn't (*Continued on page 46*)

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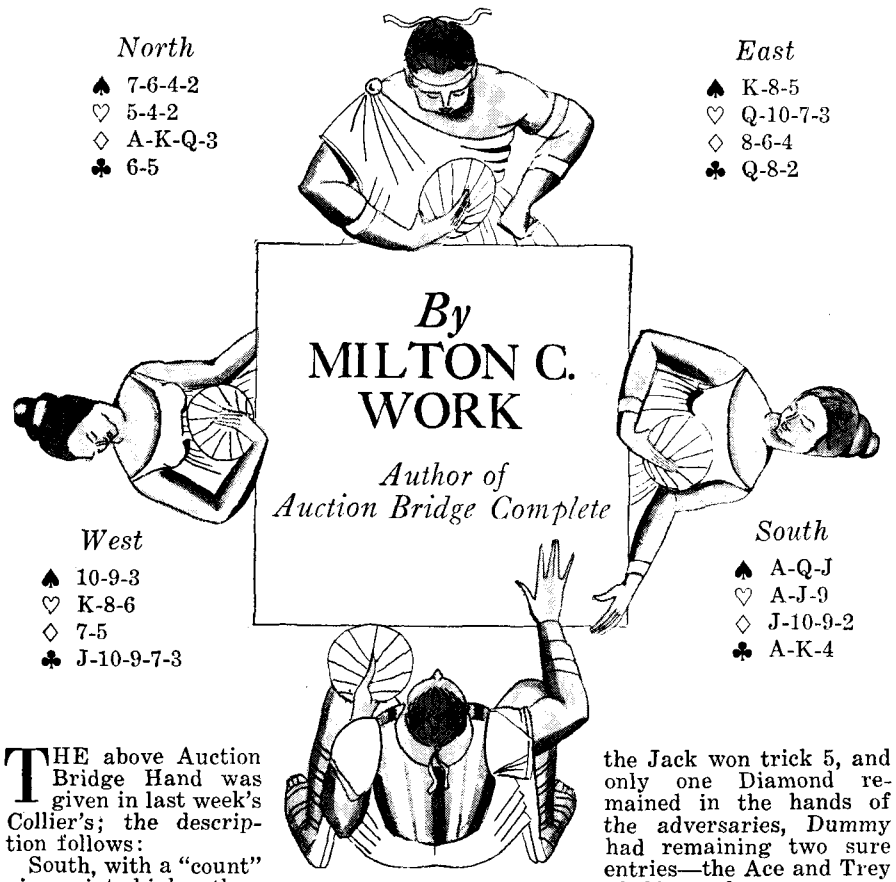
How would you play it?



THE above Auction Bridge Hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

South, with a "count" nine points higher than the minimum, every suit surely stopped, and ideal distribution, had a No Trump "whale"; he naturally bid one No Trump, and nobody else had a license to bid anything.

Some players with North's hand might feel it advisable to show the strong four-card Diamond suit because of the supposed danger incident to the worthless doubleton in Clubs; but even if the Club were a singleton, the Diamond bid would not be sound unless the bidder had a score. Furthermore, bidding Diamonds over the partner's No Trump at a love score would be misleading because it would show weakness.

The Play

WEST opened with the Jack of Clubs. Her partner not having bid, it was her duty to lead from her longest suit; and Jack, not the fourth best, is led from J-10-9 or J-10-8. On the Jack of Clubs Dummy played small, East played the Eight (an encouragement card to show her Queen); and, there being no reason to consider a hold-up, Declarer won the trick.

Declarer could now see that he was sure of two Clubs, four Diamonds, one Heart and two Spades; consequently game was a certainty and the only question was whether he could make more than nine tricks. A little study of the situation disclosed the possibility of winning twelve tricks and a Small Slam; four Spades if the adverse Spades were divided 3-3 and East had the King, two Hearts if the Jack-Nine finesse should work, four Diamonds and two Clubs assured. With the Spade and Heart distributions favorable to him, Declarer probably would wish to lead Spades and Hearts twice each from Dummy in order to carry out his plans; three Diamond entries are obvious, and probably there would be no difficulty in making a fourth. To test the situation, Declarer led the Jack of Diamonds from Closed Hand to trick 2, and the Ten to trick 4. When both adversaries followed suit to both tricks, Declarer was assured of his fourth entry in Dummy.

Dummy won trick 2 with the Queen and trick 4 with the King; no risk being involved in this overtaking because Declarer still had the high cards to insure four Diamond tricks. Taking advantage of these entries, Dummy led a Spade to tricks 3 and 5, and Closed Hand played first the Queen (a false card) and then the Jack. When the Jack won trick 5, and only one Diamond remained in the hands of the adversaries, Dummy had remaining two sure entries—the Ace and Trey of Diamonds; consequently there was no hurry about trying to establish Dummy's long Spades.

To trick 6 Declarer led the Nine of Diamonds from Closed Hand, overtaking for the third time with the Ace in Dummy, taking out the last adverse Diamond and leaving Dummy with an entry for the fourth round of Diamonds.

To trick 7, Declarer led a Heart from Dummy, and, when the Second Hand played small, finessed the Nine. The hand had reached a stage where slam-preventing had become important. If East did not hold both the King and Queen of Hearts, the Nine was the best play to make from the Closed Hand because: (1) if West had both King-Queen, it did not matter; (2) if the King were in one hand and the Queen in the other, two Heart tricks could be taken if East held the ten; (3) if West held either King or Queen, nothing was to be gained by playing the Jack in preference to the Nine.

The Nine of Hearts, of course, forced West's King, and West then led another Club which Closed Hand captured and led the Ace of Spades so as to make up a Spade for Dummy, before taking out Dummy's last entry, in case the adverse Spades were evenly divided. When the Spades dropped, everything was lovely. Dummy was placed in the lead with the Trey of Diamonds to cash his Spade thirteener, on which Closed Hand discarded the Four of Clubs; and to trick 12 Dummy led a Heart and Closed Hand finessed the Jack, knowing that if the finesse succeeded, a Small Slam could be obtained.

The lesson to be learned from the play of this hand is the importance of making up an entry in Dummy when such entry is needed and the opportunity to create it is afforded.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. Q-4	S. K-6-3
H. 8-6-5-2	H. A-7-3
D. K-Q-6	D. 10-9-5-4
C. 10-9-5-2	C. A-K-4
West	*South*
S. J-9-7-5-2	S. A-10-8
H. J-10-4	H. K-Q-9
D. J-7	D. A-8-3-2
C. 8-7-3	C. Q-J-6

Hair Pants Heroes

Continued from page 19

Fred Thomson took time during his scholastic training at Occidental and Princeton colleges to become a three-time all-round champion athlete of America—which means the world.

After entering the ministry, he found he could not compete with motion pictures. He had a congregation of 150; the Superba drew a weekly patronage of 5,000.

Then came the war. He enlisted and went as chaplain and athletic instructor in the A. E. F. While in France he met Frances Marion, the most famous scenario writer in pictures, then serving as a nurse. Romance. Marriage! After the war he resigned his cloth and, assisted by his wife, became an almost instantaneous success.

But an athletic superman is liable to accidents, and Fred has had many. Two years ago, in making a sensational thrill, he was run over by four horses and a stagecoach, and his leg was broken in eight places, yet while still convalescing in a plaster cast he finished "the fight sequence" with the cameras registering only above the waist.

Though he will take the most daring chances himself, he is particularly conscientious never to subject his horses to great risk or pain. Some of his stunts may seem dangerous to his horses, but such scenes are invariably tricked.

The Secret is Out

BUT by far the most extraordinary success in Westerns—yes, even in all of motion pictures—is Tom Mix. There are other cowboys who ride as well, some who can do stunts that he wouldn't attempt, and still others who have more IT. Therefore Tom's success needs a bit of looking into. Fortunately, I was present in those far-off days when he arrived in pictures, and as I have been standing on the side lines ever since watching his slow pilgrimage to the top, perhaps I can explain his "secret."

Tom was born in Texas, nearly fifty years ago, of American and part-Indian parents. His early years were spent as ranger, sheriff, rough rider under Roosevelt, soldier in the Philippines and the Boxer rebellion, then as the star performer with Miller's 101 Ranch outfit that toured the country with a Wild West show. At the height of his success he went out with a show of his own. But something came along that put it on the rocks. That something was motion pictures! Traveling carnivals, small circuses and theatrical road shows went down before this new form of entertainment.

Tom went to see some of those early Westerns that were killing his game, and a magnificent contempt rose up within his purple-shirted chest. If that's what they called showmanship, he'd show 'em.

And so he beat it over to Chicago and offered his services to Colonel Selig for the journeyman's wage of $5 a day. Tom told the colonel that he could make his other riders look like plugged nickels, and the colonel believed him $5 worth.

And he proved that his boast was not idle, for by this time Tom was a great show hand, knowing all the tricks of the exhibition stuff. Nor did he rely upon good riding alone. While the other cowboys were doing exactly as they were told, he was ingeniously inventing stunts that would furnish big punches for the stories.

"Colonel," he would ask, "how would it do if I was to conceal myself in the branches of a tree and then, when the heavies come along with the girl, I was to drop on to the leader, throw him off'n his horse, grab the girl in the mess, and then jump down a cliff on to the back of my own horse, hidden on the trail below? It would make a grand rescue."

"It sure would," the colonel would exclaim, "but can you do it?"

Do it? Of course. And it would be so thrilling they'd write a story to fit it. In other words, Tom was not only an actor; he was a creator. That's part of his secret.

But creating stunts will not alone account for Tom Mix's success. I asked Will Rogers about it.

"Tom's a smart hombre, Rob," he answered. "He was the first to realize that the cowboy, no matter how well he rode or roped, was an unlovely critter—messy shirts, slouch hats an' greasy chaps. That's all right fer the rough stuff, but it's pretty hard to ask a girl to love a dirty-lookin' hero. So Tom jest invents a whole new uniform that nobody'll ever see on the ranches, but is picturesque and *clean*. He did that much fer the cowboys; he washed 'em up. Yessir, Tom's a real showman."

"I hadn't thought of it that way," said Tom when I repeated this. "It was jest plain vanity that started me wearin' fancy clothes. Even as a youngster I was known as the best-dressed cowboy in the outfit. I'd buy a hickory shirt fer a dollar, take it all apart, lay it on some red velvet and cut a pattern, and as I was pretty handy with the needle I'd make a shirt that certainly would attract attention. And attention was what I wanted. I'd even embroider the front.

"Guess the love of colors was the Indian in me. Also I felt better and could ride better if I was shaved and wore good clothes. I hated things that flapped. Yes, I have invented all kinds of clothes. Somebody invented them foolish English ridin' clothes that I never liked, so why shouldn't I invent some of my own?"

Incidentally, Tom's wardrobe is a sartorial sensation. Closet after closet of the most extraordinary clothes—wine-colored dinner jackets, white broadcloth trousers, purple waistcoats, huge hats of a hundred designs, and boots, boots, boots, dozens of pairs with the most ornate embellishments.

And Tom wears these clothes in public. Vulgar? I used to think so, but again Will Rogers put me straight. "We were talking about deductions in our income tax for advertising, and Tom surprises me by saying they allowed him to deduct the clothes he wore in public. 'You don't suppose I'd wear these things except fer advertisin', do you?' he said."

You'll Find Plenty of Courage

HOWEVER, Tom did not make good by clothes alone. It's what he does inside of them. Though he has reached what the world calls middle age, he has the body of a young man which he keeps fit as a footballer at all times. Consequently he never employs a double. Tom will double Tony, his horse, but never himself.

Now one final word for the humble habitués of the Water Hole. These boys have not achieved the heights, but some of the finest acts of courage I have ever seen have been performed by them. I saw one chap hold to the lines of a runaway stagecoach after he had been thrown from the box and allow himself to be cruelly dragged for a hundred yards over rocks and through chaparral until he was cut to ribbons. And all to save four horses going over a precipice! He managed to turn them just at the edge.

Once on location a wild steer got loose and chased the hero up a ravine. It looked like curtains for the fellow, when suddenly a quick-thinking cowboy—a $7.50 extra—ran up ahead, stood on a rock and as the steer came plunging by, dived down between the enraged creature's horns and bull-dogged him to his knees. In the struggle that ensued the hero was saved, but the cowboy was most terribly bruised and cut. When finally the gang reached the scene they found the fellow had fainted—but the steer was dead! He had broken his neck.

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It ruins romance

Popularity passes by those who have halitosis

WHEN you go away on your vacation you expect to have a good time—to meet and like others and be liked by them.

Is there anything that may prevent this? Yes. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) can minimize every other charm you have.

Don't fool yourself as thousands do that you never have halitosis. The insidious thing about it is that it does not announce itself to the victim. But it does to others. And that offends.

Why take this unnecessary risk when by using Listerine with its powerful deodorant properties you can put yourself on the polite and popular side?

Keep a bottle handy always and rinse the mouth with it often—especially before meeting others.

By the way, if you are going abroad we suggest that you take several bottles with you. There will be dozens of times when Listerine will come in handy. For freshening up after a long motor ride, for instance, as a stimulating substitute for a bath when a bath cannot be had (you know how it is in Europe) and for the daily care of the mouth. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

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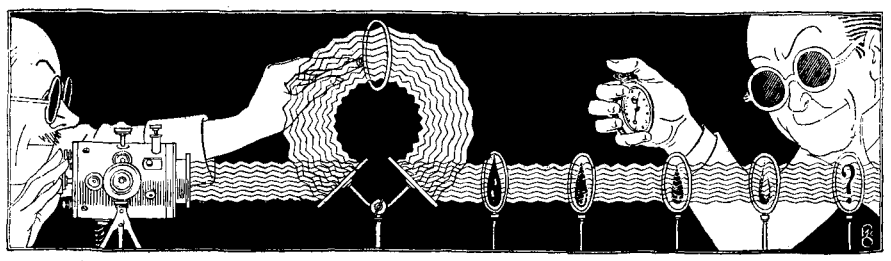

By . JACK . BINNS

Soundless Noise

HOW many times have you been thrilled from head to foot by the reverberating tones of a majestic organ, or the entrancing notes of a noted artist singing some stirring aria? There seem to be some successions of tones delivered by singers or produced by musical instruments that are able to shake every atom of one's being into sympathetic vibration and thus bring about a complete change in one's mood. Perhaps you have noticed this on those occasions when you have been aroused out of a particularly depressed feeling by the wizardry of stirring music.

This is the Age of Vibration, and science is beginning to learn more and more about the various oscillatory motions, electric or otherwise, that govern the throbbing universe. Why should some musical strains stir us to almost involuntary action while other musical tones lull us to inaction? Perhaps the answer may be found in the series of experiments that have been inaugurated by Professor E. Newton Harvey of Princeton and Alfred L. Loomis of Tuxedo Park, N. Y., to study the effect of super-audible sound waves upon living matter.

The sound waves used by these experimenters have a pitch 400,000 vibrations a second higher than the highest pitch the average human ear can hear. Where the intensity of these waves has been strong enough, they have exerted a tearing, killing effect upon living matter within their path, causing protoplasm to spin in a dizzy dance of death, faster, ever faster, until it disintegrates into spinning bits of broken, disorganized matter.

The investigators say: "Observing under a high-power microscope it has been possible to follow the progressive destruction of frog blood corpuscles. The oval cells at first become warped and twisted. Strained areas appear, and the color fades, leaving a pale, distorted shadow. Human blood corpuscles are likewise twisted and sometimes broken up into many small globules like an emulsion of oil."

No wonder these super-audible sound waves have been dubbed "the death whisper."

A War of Attrition

GEORGE COTTRELL of Seattle writes me suggesting that the Radio Commission should not allow any station to operate more than two hours at a stretch after five o'clock winter evenings and seven o'clock in summer without remaining silent one hour.

My own suggestion, George, is that all stations of the same power rating should share time one hour on and one hour off until the weakest finally quit. The survivors should then be compelled to render real public service.

The Easiest Way

STATION KOA in Denver takes great pride in the fact that it successfully responded to all requests during the first "You can't stump us" night, even to the extent of rendering the Japanese National Anthem in its native tongue.

Somehow I fail to wax enthusiastic over this unique achievement. Possibly it is because I am imbued with the old-fashioned idea that success comes to the one who leads and rarely to the one who heeds. Anyway filling requests is merely an easy way to avoid responsibility and work.

Radio Cookie

THIS is the yarn of a hefty lad who wields a wicked brush and owns a resistance-coupled audio-frequency voice that enables him to be a radio-frequency ventriloquist, mammy singer or plain baritone at will. The next time you hear the squeaky voice of the only ventriloquistic dummy, talking out of a loud speaker, exclaim that it is "X-Ray speaking," think of Phil Cook, the hero of this piece. A few years ago Phil was a commercial artist. He had no idea that some day he would also be using his larynx in the interests of commercial art, so in his spare time he wrote musical comedies to keep the other side of the Cook house in pin money.

It was about this time that there occurred one of those climacteric crises that have the habit of wrecking empires. This one brought Phil to a broadcast studio, and he has been the most consistent one-man show before the microphone ever since, whether appearing as the operator of a hurdy-gurdy, as a black-face comedian, a country rube, a ventriloquist, or the world's worst ukulele player.

For those who are interested in statistics I may say that Phil is six feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, which it has taken him about thirty winters to accumulate, has blue eyes and a blond mustache. His natural voice is low, but he has a special blond voice for "X-Ray." There is one peculiarity that sets Phil quite apart from ordinary humanity. He tries out all his jokes, alleged poetry and lyrics on Mrs. Cook before putting them on the air, and still he remains happily married. That in itself is the biggest of his many jobs.

Wasted Wattage

A NEW YORK station broadcast a program with the vocal artist in one state and the accompanying orchestra in another—that is, geographically speaking. Judging by the laudatory statements made before and after the event, the managers of the station are thoroughly satisfied that they met the "public convenience, interest and necessity" by radiating the program.

The same amount of energy put into the production of a studio program properly arranged and ably presented might give that station a real excuse for being one of the 680 that are trying to use our ether simultaneously every day.

One-Piece Orchestra

OUT of the Patent Office there comes the disclosure that the government has bestowed a seventeen-year monopoly upon the genius who has produced a new musical instrument which is said to combine all the features of a tenor banjo, mandolin and ukulele into one device operated by a metal keyboard.

Too bad the inventor did not add a microphone and phonograph to his combination so that Mr. Baker in Iowa and Mr. Henderson in Louisiana could have complete ready-made canned programs.

The Battle Hum of the Republic

Continued from page 9

Quaker, to whom conscience is the guide paramount in life, prohibition seems indeed "a noble experiment." To Al Smith, protagonist of the ancient doctrine that not conscience but the authority of the church is the basis for moral guidance in conduct no matter what economic benefits arise from any course of conduct, this theory of prohibition is a devastating invasion of all that he thinks sacred in human life.

So two strong men upholding creeds that have been at variance for 300 years —one the sublimation of conscience, the other the essence of authority in conduct—stand dramatically opposed in this campaign. Each of these national leaders is brave after his kind; each exceptionally intelligent, each entirely incorruptible. Yet despite these common virtues each comes from a background so entirely different from the other, each holds in his heart such widely different premises about life and its meaning, that despite the external similarities of the conventions that named them and in the face of the other externals in the creeds of the parties that back them, these two men do represent and dramatize clearly the issues before the American people.

Not even Lincoln and Jefferson Davis represented more strikingly in their two personalities the footing stones of the two political fortresses which glowered at each other in the midst of the last century. So the battle lines are cast.

And now for the captains and the kings and the tumult on either side.

It was the strategy of the Democratic Convention to divert the issue in the West from prohibition by making the issue hinge upon Republican corruption in the Harding Administration. So boomed Claude Bowers out of a Big Bertha of oratory devoted to the rather obvious but terrible conclusion that political corruption is the necessary corollary of a Hamiltonian theory of government. When government panders to the rich, men with money corrupt the agents of government.

Criminations and Recriminations

IT IS rather simple. But unfortunately human institutions may not be made and measured by rule of thumb. A campaign is the most human of our American institutions. It is illogical, crazy, shot full of emotion, and men react in political campaigns as they do in war. The first troops mobilized are liars. In order to hate their fellows sufficiently to denounce them, men have to believe a lot of lies about them. So it will be necessary to believe that Hoover is a bloody Britisher, that Smith is a vicegerent of the Pope, that Tammany and the Democratic party are responsible for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and that the Republican party is about to reinstate Fall, Sinclair and Daugherty, and even that distinguished Democrat who appeared as

(*Continued on page 34*)

WARNING!

COLLIER'S will refrain until November from revealing the name of the winner of the race for President. In fact we shall be tremendously busy on a campaign of our own.

This campaign will be far broader than that of either Mr. Smith or Mr. Hoover because it will cover both. We assure you that no other magazine has laid such comprehensive plans to keep its readers informed of the progress of the two excellent candidates, of the trend of the political thinking of the voters, of the sudden and unforeseen issues that pop up overnight in all national campaigns.

That you may know just what is going on within and behind the party lines, William Allen White, great in journalism and experience, will write in Collier's what he sees and hears and thinks. His fine intelligence is always a little ahead of his Republican affiliations.

Marching hard on his heels, ears cocked, notebooks handy and typewriters well oiled, will be Clinton W. Gilbert, wisest and cleverest of Washington correspondents; Ida M. Tarbell, who has that rare gift of being entertainingly serious; and three other journalists who are forever riding up and down the land seeking the material which makes Collier's articles so popular—William G. Shepherd, Walter Davenport and Owen P. White. But wait!

Ring Lardner and Wallace Irwin will be with us. These famous young men will wrap quite profound thoughts in delightfully gay humor. If you have decided that politics is no laughing matter, their work should be avoided carefully.

A great staff, but with what appears to be the most exciting political campaign in years upon us nothing less will do.

It simply wouldn't be fair not to tell you of plans like these, would it? **The Editor.**

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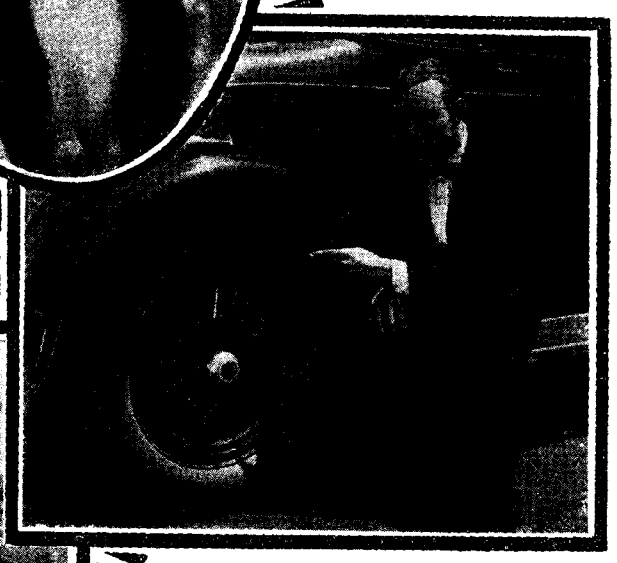
H. B. WARNER

DORIS KENYON

BILLIE DOVE

BEBE DANIELS



CONRAD NAGEL

LEATRICE JOY

In favor — with your favorites

Hundreds of Stars of the Stage and Screen use and recommend Fisk Tires

YOUR favorite actors and actresses, whose cars must be kept at their smartest in appearance and performance, use Fisks all around.

Hundreds of thousands of experienced motorists find in Fisk Tires the acme of safe, comfortable, economical tire service. When it is "Time To Re-Tire", go to the nearest dealer who features FISK.

A few of the reigning favorites among the galaxy of Stars who enjoy extra miles of trouble-free service with Fisk Tires.

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FISK TIRES

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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The Battle Hum of the Republic

Continued from page 32

a delegate at the San Francisco Convention eight years ago, Mr. Doheny.

So up and down the land Republicans are pointing hot, scornful fingers at their neighbor Democrats and crying, "Why did you burn John Huss?" while excited Democrats are hissing to their equally innocent neighbors, "What have you done with Sinclair's money?"

By mid-September the alliterative slogan of the good Dr. Burchard in the campaign of 1884, which cost Blaine the Presidency when it was uttered once at a gathering, will be yowled and kioodled from many a little red schoolhouse in many a sylvan grove as the Klansmen rally around their fiery emblem. The phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," which for more than forty years has been repeated in whispers as a shameful phrase, the ignorant and depraved will rant at the top of their lungs.

From the other side will come from the same kind of people, mean, false and terrible tales about Hoover and his allegiance to King George. For the issue of the campaign has been set more deeply in the emotions of men than issues have been set since Lincoln's day.

Yet the two platforms are decent, dignified dissertations upon realizable ideals in government. In general, each speaks after its kind. The Republican platform is a Hamiltonian platform. The Democratic platform is in the main Jeffersonian. The Hamiltonian platform of the Republicans is a bit advanced for a conservative platform. It speaks favorably of the "outlawry of war," and in the matter of labor legislation has finally come to the ideal of the American Federation of Labor in that it promises "collective bargaining to labor by representatives of their own choosing." That phrase, particularly the last six words, is a phrase which the late Samuel Gompers had tried vainly for twenty years to get into a Republican platform. It is an American Federation of Labor phrase which bans the company union and the open shop and the so-called "American idea" which interested labor baiters the first half of this decade. Also the Republicans are apparently ashamed of the lengths to which the abuses of the injunction have gone in the labor disputes, and they promise legislation to remedy this evil.

The Prohibition Plank

THE prohibition plank is, of course, specific and commits the party definitely to the policy of prohibition and the enforcement of the prohibitory law as it is now understood. It may interest readers to know that this plank consumed in the Republican subcommittee on resolutions, in the general committee on resolutions, and on the floor of the Republican Convention less than ten minutes all told in debate and balloting. In the subcommittee on resolutions but one voice was lifted against the prohibitory plank, that of Vare of Pennsylvania. In the general committee one speaker objected, spoke less than two minutes, made a motion to reject, found no seconder, and on the viva voce vote to adopt the plank as a part of the Republican policy and definitely commit the party to prohibition there seemed to be less than half a score of negative votes against an overwhelming aye. When Nicholas Murray Butler offered his amendment on the floor it was laid on the table without serious consideration.

On the other hand, in the Democratic Convention, prohibition halted the convention for two days. In the subcommittee a wet plank was adopted which came from Senator Wagner of New York, directly from Smith. It had all but two votes in the subcommittee, those of Carter Glass of Virginia, and Josephus Daniels of South Carolina. But in the general committee on resolutions Daniels and Glass made a fight which lasted all one hot June day and finally won the plank which declared in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and the necessary enforcing legislation.

This plank was annulled by Smith's letter to the chairman of the convention, read just before the gavel fell upon final adjournment, in which Smith declared that he was in favor of the modification of the Volstead Act. It was the second time that the wires had brought an amendment to a Democratic platform from a Presidential nominee. Alton Parker sent a telegram in 1904 to the Democratic Convention at St. Louis demanding the endorsement of the gold standard after Bryan had been eight years the silver leader of the democracy. And Bryan, rising from a sick bed, smote that resolution hip and thigh all one hot summer night and checked the indorsement of the gold standard.

With Bryan alive Smith might have hesitated to send his telegram. But certainly with Bryan alive Smith would have made more definite announcement of his creed in a letter before the convention nominated him. But after settling the prohibition question, the Democratic platform makers let in a whole flood of social legislation; legislation which called for national police powers in so many relations of life that Thomas Jefferson must still be revolving in his tomb at the memory. To institutionalize these planks will require a lot of good legislation, and in the end these laws must come, but when they do come they will never have the blessing of Thomas Jefferson, for they will centralize government and broaden its powers, establish boards, commissions, snoopers and snipers all over the broad land.

But so long as we are in for a complex civilization, men must surrender their personal liberties to the common good. It is inevitable, Jefferson or no Jefferson. Public health, public education, the welfare of women and children are no longer parochial matters. They can be no longer preserved even by the individual states. So closely are we welded into one people that these matters soon must come under national authority. And the makers of the Democratic platform were farsighted and patriotic to forget their Jeffersonianism in their zeal for a nobler land.

Hoover and Smith the Issue

PERHAPS the Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian doctrines must be inextricably blended. Cleavage may no longer be maintained. Clearly there is much Hamiltonian plutocracy in the Democratic party, and in expressing its yearning for the "outlawry of war" and world peace, in its recognition that labor is an estate in the Republic and not a commodity, the Republican party is surrendering much to Jefferson. In the end, and after the election is over, it will be these compromised principles of Hamilton and Jefferson which will interest the party that wins.

And whether the Republican party wins or the Democratic party wins will make no vast difference in the character of legislation and the quality of administration which will be applied to those subsidiary planks in the platform. The differences that will roll like dice out of the ballot box will be between Hoover and Smith. They are the issue. They represent the deeply diverse philosophies, that are at the moment and for the first time in a long generation stirring the hearts of the American people. That each candidate is honest, courageous, clean, and deeply wise in his own way is one of the major blessings of God to the American people in this hour.

Now, to visualize the two conventions, which will be vain, foolish, and sometimes wicked, in their outer trappings, let us look at the gatherings which were so alike in their insignificances and so deeply different in their realities.

The Republican Convention is an orderly conclave, marching directly under leadership, which if not old, and true, and tried, is at least familiar and is easily symbolized by the plug hat! Hamiltonian plutocracy.

The Democrats, on the other hand, are ghost-dancing riotously under new leaders. Not only are the leaders new, but the very type of man they are, city-bred, city-broke, and city-minded, make for a new leadership of a party which but a generation ago marched in gray and serried ranks behind the dignified aristocrats of the old South. All mustached and barbered like brigadiers, were they, those old leaders in pleated white shirts and white suspenders, leaders under Panama hats, in nankeen trousers, mouthing the deep-throated b'-Gods of a day when males were males and a white man kept his "fine cut" in a silver box; in that hallowed day, that twilight of the gods, after the last black man had disappeared from Congress and before the first white woman appeared.

In the place of these ancient chevaliers behold the Irish captains and the king who directs the tumult and shouting in the Democratic Convention today. Smooth-shaved, square-faced, steel-eyed, hickory-jawed, flint-fisted huskies are they, in two-piece suits and sports shoes who seem to have no last names but who govern a sovereign people with silk gloves that cover brass knucks.

"Little Brown Jug"

BEHOLD the convention at Houston on the last day. Yellow splotches of bare pine betray the empty seats on the big flange around the flat bowl where the delegates are slowly assembling. A woman is singing a popular song, a young New Yorker, following her with a phonograph whine in his voice, contributing vocal jazz. The band is playing "The Sidewalks of New York."

A lull occurs, and then out of the farthest gallery amid the babbling confusion of the crowd, very softly, like the voice of a whispering baritone over the radio, sifts in the sound of an ancient tune which the band is shyly trying out. Is the band man playing it on a bet or is he putting into one sweet cadence of forgotten song all the deep meaning of the day? No one knows.

The delegates' ears prick up as they hear this obbligato of an elder day under the new tune "The Sidewalk" song that throbs through their dreams. It is the jigging staccato of "Little Brown Jug." Weird, ominous, gorgeously perfect. Then, two hours later, after the orators have been braying away on their bazoos, futilely naming obscure statesmen for Vice President, after the Vice President is chosen and the last perfunctory resolution has been passed, the chairman finally comes to the only important transaction of the four days' session: Al Smith's letter amending the platform, changing the direction of the campaign, giving one deep verity to what otherwise would have been an unreal pageant.

Click-click-click sounds the gavel, and the chairman has adjourned a convention which has brought into American life new captains and new causes. As the delegates solemnly filed from the great hall without enthusiasm, we may well fancy that sound waves of the bandsman's fantastic adventure song, "Little Brown Jug," the Marseillaise of some forgotten freedom, is making an ominous echo through the land.

Routing the Golf Blues

Well, there's one sure way to put the hazards and strain of golf out of your mind. It's by concocting jingles in the rough. All these players have tried it and they find it offers ready relief—not to mention a chance at an elegant and efficient gold token:

Slicers come and slicers go,
But the champ is Joe McPhutts.
Just listen to his tale of woe:
He even slices putts.

—*Daniel J. Poffett, Oakview, Pa.*

I know I'm not so hot at verse
My golfing is a darn' sight worse.
But if I strut a lucky piece,
What matter if my scores increase?

—*Denis F. Legh, Medicine Hat, Alberta, Can.*

What matter, indeed. But they won't. Not when you're sporting one of those sure-fire emblems of fair fortune. Here's a sad case but nothing to stump the influence of the charm:

Talk about misfortunes,
I don't have nothing but—
My boy friend's going to jilt me
'Cause I always miss my putt.

—*Florence A. Clendennin, New London, Conn.*

The guy without a handicap may tie me,
Scratch players have a chance to beat my score.
But it really takes a baffling or a stymie
To get my goat and really make me sore.

—*Doris Joan Eshelman, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"Why do you follow me round the links?"
I asked the lad with the tousled head.
"'Cause I want some worms to go fishin' with,
But I'm too tired to dig 'em myself," he said.

—*J. H. Gage, Cutler, O.*

That's the way it goes; that's the way it goes. Still as long as you can make a jingle out of your woes, what does it all matter? If your rhyme is printed you'll get a gold luck-piece with your initials on it. Address, Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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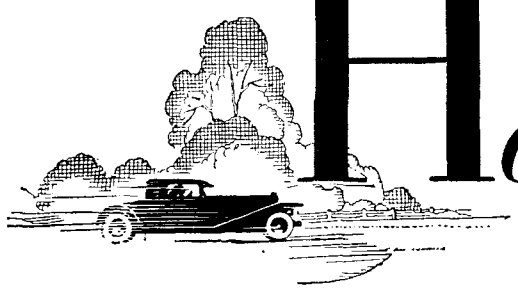

How open is the open road ?

It all depends on your brakes!

CURVED through the rolling hills or straight across the flat lands lies the Open Road. No traffic jams here, no signal lights. You let your car out. Forty, fifty miles per hour is the common pace.

Safe?

It all depends on your brakes.

No road is so open that you may not have to stop or slow down suddenly. Unless your brakes are good the gaiety of the open road may become ghastly tragedy in a split second. Brakes *are* important.

Don't take chances

You cannot afford to gamble with your own safety and that of your family. You cannot guess. *You must know.* Before you drive again have your brakes inspected at a Johns-Manville Service Station. If the lining is not in perfect condition, have it changed *now.* Tomorrow may be too late.

THE NEXT TURN MAY NOT BE OPEN

Use brake lining that *takes hold* most surely in rain, snow, cold, heat, anywhere and always; that is long-lived and safe. Such is Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining.

Johns-Manville Brake Lining is made by the world's greatest asbestos craftsmen. Its asbestos fibre resists heat. Its friction is sure. It is longer wearing. Be certain that your brakes are lined with this safe material. It is made in types and sizes for every passenger car or truck. In these days of fast moving traffic, the penalty for using poor brake lining is a terrible one on the open road. In the slower moving traffic of the city you *may* escape with a smashed fender, with minor injuries. But the open road is truly the open road only when your brakes are absolutely right. Don't gamble with calamity. Use Johns-Manville Brake Lining. In its tough asbestos fibres there is safety for you and your car on highway or city street.

Have your brakes inspected or re-lined where you see this sign.

JOHNS-MANVILLE . . . MASTER OF ASBESTOS

Both industry and home are supplied by Johns-Manville with many products made from Asbestos. For more than fifty years Johns-Manville has worked with Asbestos, and during that time has earned a position as the foremost technician in the use of that curious mineral. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are fireproof, substantial, good looking and permanent. They will protect and beautify your home, and add to its value.

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ASBESTOS MINERS & MANUFACTURERS

ROOFING AND INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS

It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment if not actual new lining. Don't delay. Too much is at stake. Tear this out and use it as a

MEMORANDUM

August 18th—*Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today.*

If re-lining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It makes driving safer everywhere.

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A Volcanic Factory

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

WHEN Mount Katmai in Alaska blew its top off in 1912 it started a gigantic chemical laboratory in the vicinity to which Dr. Robert F. Griggs gave the captivating caption of "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," but he afterward regretted that he had not named it "The Valley of a Million Smokes," for this would have been both more accurate and more impressive. The place smells like the infernal regions or like its earthly counterpart, a battle field since the introduction of chemical warfare.

Dr. E. G. Zies of the Geophysical Laboratory figures out that the steam and gases emitted by these ten thousand—or million—fumaroles every second amount in volume to more than 6,000,000 gallons. Among the chemicals thus cast away on the Alaskan atmosphere every second are 64 pounds of hydrochloric acid, the same as made from salt; 9½ pounds of hydrofluoric acid, which is used for etching glass, and 22 pounds of hydrogen sulphide, which is sometimes employed in the form of ancient-egg bombs to expel unpopular actors from the stage, but has more important uses in industry.

I calculate that the value of these chemicals, if they were where they are wanted, would amount to more than $17,000,000 a year. This is more than twice the price paid by Seward in buying Alaska from Russia. So if some scheme is ever devised to utilize the fumes that are escaping from the chimneys of these subterranean chemical factories, we should have a steady source of revenue from "Seward's folly" to add to what we have already received from its furs, fisheries and gold.

Fewer Farmers, Bigger Crops

WHAT is praised as progress in all the other industries is deplored as retrogression in agriculture. Funny! If a factory increases its output without enlarging its plant or adding to its working force, we all shout "Hurrah for American invention and enterprise!" If the farms show the same trend, we all shake our heads and call upon the politicians to prescribe a remedy.

Between 1919 and 1924 the area of the crop land of the country decreased by 13,000,000 acres. But the total agricultural production increased during that period by about 13 per cent, or twice as fast as the population of the country as a whole. At the same time the farm population decreased about 6 per cent. That is to say, fewer farmers are raising larger crops on less land. F. H. Newell, former director of the United States Reclamation Service, says that there is nothing strange about this, for the object of the expenditure of hundreds of millions by the nation and states was to teach the farmer how to raise larger and better crops.

So long as the methods of agriculture can be improved, the drift from the country districts to the towns may be expected to continue. P. K. Whelpton, of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems, figures that in 1975 the proportion of urban population will rise to 69 per cent compared with the 51 per cent of 1920. And of 31 per cent then reported as rural, fewer will be farmers than now, for more will consist of persons living in the country but working in the city.

In 1925 the net loss of population from the farms to the villages, towns and cities was 441,000. In 1926 the drift from the farm was greater yet, 649,000. In 1927 the net loss of rural population was 193,000.

Surprises of Projectiles

WHEN a steel bullet strikes against a hard steel target, which way do the splinters go?

Back, we should suppose. But no, the splinters scatter out on all sides parallel to the target.

Does a shell with a hard steel tip drive deeper into a steel target than a shell with a soft steel tip?

No, a soft steel nose piece on a hard steel shell greatly aids the penetration of a steel plate.

Why not grease the inside of a gun barrel to speed the shot on the start?

Because lubrication does not increase the muzzle velocity but reduces it.

If a gun is fired on a seashore, which shots bury themselves more deeply in the sand, those that strike the ground nearest the gun or those that go farthest?

Neither, the shot striking at a distance of about 300 yards goes deepest into the sand.

When a bullet is fired horizontally into the side of an open wooden box full of water, does it fall to the bottom or come out at the top?

It comes out at the top.

The Cardinal's Garden

Continued from page 11

has occurred to me, Cumper," Roscoe went on. "You have reported that you saw nothing of Madame Czerna in the sunken garden. Did you mean that you didn't see her come out or didn't see her go in?"

"I didn't see her go in *or* come out," was the prompt reply. "My job was the orchard. I had my back to the garden."

"Gad!" Stopford cried—"it's gettin' clearer! There was a period, Roscoe, durin' which *nobody* was watchin' the garden!"

"The period," Roscoe continued, "during which she vanished." He paused, glancing around the room. "Who's on duty above and below the garden now?" he asked suddenly.

"Nobody," Regan replied. "Stevens and Cumper were called in to report. They haven't been replaced. But what's the odds? We're all here?"

"No, we're not!" Stopford exclaimed. "Where's Miss O'Hay?"

"Eh!" growled Burke from the shadowy end of the long room.

"She'll be changing," said Page Sutton. "This thing has upset household plans, and we're all staying the way we are and hoping for dinner when we get it. But she's a woman."

"Gad!" said Stopford, "she told me she had a theory about Fée's disappearance! Can she have slipped away to investigate?"

Roscoe crossed to the door; opened it, and went out. He ran the length of a long corridor and came to a lobby. He pressed a bell.

Almost immediately a man came—one of Regan's staff.

"Go to Miss O'Hay's room," Roscoe instructed, "and see if she's there."

"Very good, sir."

The man started up the open oaken staircase, seeming to walk very slowly. He crossed a gallery above and disappeared. A short interval followed, and then the man reappeared, recrossing the gallery on his way to the stairhead.

"Is she there?" Roscoe called.

The man looked over the rail.

"No, sir," he reported. "Mrs. Leslie" (one of Regan's employees who had taken the place of the maid formerly looking after Miss O'Hay) "tells me that she hasn't been to her room all evening."

Drake Roscoe's tanned face became very drawn and angular. Then he gave a sudden start, turned and ran to the door at the end of the long conservatory where Champion's gardener raised the prize chrysanthemums. He came to it breathless. A man stepped out of the bushes which grew close up to the outbuilding.

"You know me," said Roscoe. "Quick! Has Miss O'Hay been this way?"

"Yes, sir. Ten minutes ago. She went down the path yonder—toward the orchard where Cumper's on duty."

Roscoe stood stock still for a moment. Then he set out running again. He ran along the path the man had indicated. It brought him to the fringe of an orchard. On his left was a high box hedge. At a point where its green smoothness was broken by a wicket gate, he pulled up, opened the gate, and looked down and across the Cardinal's Garden, lovely in the moonlight.

Figures were moving on the steps at the other end.

"'Hoy!" Roscoe hailed. "Who's there?"

"Regan!" came back. "Have you found her?"

Drake Roscoe didn't reply. He was glad nobody could see him.

The Cardinal's Garden had claimed a second victim.

STEVENS was badly ruffled. In all his association with Ned W. Regan's internationally famous agency he had never before been caught napping. Two hours had elapsed since his cross-examination in the library, but he was still sore. It was understandable, and he knew he was excused. But it was laxity. Used to the presence of Madame Czerna about the grounds, he had watched her go down to the old garden, had thought how beautiful she was, had sighed for his lost youth, and had sunk back on the rustic bench.

Yet between his post and Cumper's she had vanished!

And now—again—the little Irish girl, Molly O'Hay, had gone the same way!

Of one thing Stevens was sure, and he had kept it grimly in view throughout the time that had elapsed: no more would go!

There had been such a search as must have discovered a needle in a haystack. No inch of the place had escaped examination. But never a vestige of a clue had they found. From his post—in the rare intervals when he removed his eyes from the garden—he could see lights in Peter Champion's library.

AND indeed at this very moment there had been a dramatic development—which might mean little or might mean much. Detective Ellis, one of Burke's star men, had just come in to report. The group in the library stood watching him intently as he spoke.

"The only house in a five-mile radius not yet accounted for, Chief," said he, "is the white house on the hill that was built for Michael Gollancz—"

"It's empty," Burke rapped—"except for a caretaker."

"No, it isn't!" Ellis assured him grimly. "I found a place where I could climb the wall tonight! And that house, sir, is full of people!"

"What!" cried Roscoe.

"Secret people moving behind closed shutters; people who never appear outside! So . . . how do they get in?"

"We'll soon settle the point!" said Burke savagely. "Assemble all available cars. Have Daly in charge. I want everything ready to raid that house in five minutes from now! . . ."

"Great Head Center!" Roscoe exclaimed. "I begin to see light! There's something I must do. If I'm late, start without me. . . ."

Meanwhile, down at his lonely post, Stevens lighted a cigarette and turned again to stare over the wicket gate.

He dropped his cigarette and set his heel on it.

Something in the Cardinal's Garden was different!

In vain he tried to tell himself that his imagination was playing tricks. Plain fact answered him.

The sundial had altered.

Trained to swift action, Stevens plunged for his automatic—when his hand was seized and held from behind!

Drake Roscoe stood at his elbow!

"Stay where you are," Roscoe ordered. "If Cumper moves, tell him to stick to his post. This garden must be covered all the time."

Then, before Stevens could reconquer his stupefaction, Roscoe went racing down the steps and pulled up short before the sundial.

The front of the square pedestal had disappeared! Where it had been was a black cavity!

"Who's there?" Cumper hailed from his post.

"Stand by where you are!" cried Roscoe, and shot a torch ray into the cavity.

The light shone fully upon a bearded, wild-eyed face—that of a man standing in the hollow under the sundial so that his shoulders were no more than on a level with Roscoe's knees!

"Thank God I've found you so soon, Lieutenant dear!" said the apparition—"but douse the glim. It blinds me!"

"Tom Flynn, by all that's holy!"

"The same, Your Honor. Was you expectin' me, like?"

"I wasn't, Flynn. It's fate."

"It's the god of the caves, your honor! Quick! Ye have ten minutes to save the colleen! Stoop and come down!"

"Where are we going?"

"To the big house on the hill. They call it G. H. Q."

"I knew it!" Roscoe shouted.

He stooped and entered the cavity.

The raid had been arranged by tim-

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ing. There were to be no whistles. At a prearranged moment the entire party, distributed at seven different points of the almost unbroken wall, were to go over the top and rush for the house.

Surprise was supremely important, Burke argued.

Now, watch in hand, he stood with a group of five raiders—waiting. The night was perfect, and still. From the distant house, beyond its guardian walls, no sound came.

"Go to it, boys!" said Burke. "Hang on to this ladder, you."

Gripping a long cigar between his teeth, Deputy Commissioner Burke went up the ladder, personally leading the raid. The high summit gained, grapnels were reversed, and the ladders lowered on the further side.

Burke's party found themselves in a derelict kitchen-garden among a wilderness of raspberry canes. Further north a second party under Ellis came over in full view. No greetings were exchanged. Automatics ready, they all ran for the house.

Other parties carried hatchets and crowbars.

"If Roscoe's right," Burke panted, "and we've got to the hub of the trouble, this is the end of the Zones!"

AT WHICH time, below in the cutting under Peter Champion's garden, Drake Roscoe watched his half-demented guide operate the simple, counterweighted gear which opened and closed the pedestal supporting the sundial.

"It was made more'n a year ago," said Tom Flynn. "They had Champion covered from the time he bought the house. He was one of the geese that laid the golden eggs. When he had the old garden made, it was the Zones did the job for him!"

"What's that, Flynn?"

"I said it. The workmen that put up the sundial was Zone men! They fitted this liftin' gear, your honor, at the same time. There! It's shut, now, and devil a soul would be the wiser! Shine the light of your torch on me back, Lieutenant, and follow close."

They were in a rough cutting, timber-propped, ending apparently at the piece of mechanism controlling the ingenious device in the base of the sundial. The mystery of the two abductions was solved.

"Flynn," said Roscoe, as he followed that wild guide, "who kidnapped the colleen?"

"The nigger!" came promptly. "Group Master 1, they call him. He's marked. The god of the falls wants him. . . ."

"Go easy, Flynn. Keep a grip on yourself. Where are we heading for now?"

"Right you are, sir! We're for G. H. Q.—the house that they bought from Mike Gollancz because it was over a gorge of the caverns."

"The caverns!" Roscoe exclaimed. "But the river is between here and Manhattan!"

"Small difference!" Flynn called back. "The caves is far below the river bed. There's four passages goes under, but only one that can be used. It crosses under Hell Gate, and there's curtains of water, boss, that I was the first to pass! They wear rubbers when they cross. Stop, boss!"

They had reached a point where the cutting entered a rugged, sloping corridor of nearly black rock.

"Douse the glim!"

Roscoe extinguished the torch.

"Port is the route to Manhattan," said Flynn. "Starboard is the way to G. H. Q. Listen! You'll hear the water."

And, sibilant, distant, whispering through the subterranean silence, came a harsher sound . . . from the opposite direction! Shots . . . muffled . . . cries . . . a vague clamor . . . more shots. . . .

"Good Lord!" said Roscoe. "Burke has raided the house! Listen! What's this?"

Approaching footsteps, many of them, and all those of runners, became audible above the dim uproar.

"Sure, it's the staff leavin'!" said Flynn calmly. "Draw back a step, Lieutenant, dear. They'll go straight ahead! . . ."

Possessed by a sense of nightmare phantasy such as he had never known, Drake Roscoe from the shelter of the cutting watched a headlong procession race past. It was like the passage of condemned demons flying back to hell. Each man carried a torch, and he counted twenty. Identification was impossible. None glanced aside.

The last straggler went by.

"They'll be waitin' for me at the Purple Gate," said Flynn. "That's what we call it. An' I'm told its walls is made of amethysts. They'll wait forever."

"What d'you mean?"

"They're doomed, your honor! There's a great fire on the east side of the city tonight. Entrance No. 2, the only one they know now, was blown up an hour ago! Quick! Here's more!"

Lighting his way with an electric torch, a man came down the rock corridor. He was a thick, ascetic-looking German. Close on his heels came a huge Negro—uttering guttural ejaculations—who carried an insensible woman in his arms.

"Back, your honor!" whispered Flynn. "Group Master 1! Leave him to me!"

Roscoe grasped Flynn in no uncertain hold.

"Wait!" he spoke in the ex-bosun's ear. "There's someone else!"

A woman whose wrists were bound behind her came along in the wake of the Negro. A man bearing a torch followed.

"There's too much light," Flynn complained. "I can't see!"

"Knock out the first light," Roscoe ordered in a low voice, "and deal with Group Master 1! Leave the other to me."

The Negro was carrying Fée Czerna! The woman, white-faced, desperate, but still undaunted, who stumbled along behind him, was Molly O'Hay!

"All set, your honor!"

THE red light in the lacquer cabinet faded out. Great Head Center had issued her last order.

Into the quietude of the white-domed room broke discords of sound human and mechanical. Hatchets were at work beyond the western wall. There came a great wrenching and tearing from under the floor. Hoarse voices spoke unintelligibly.

The Duchess de Guise stood up. Her coldly beautiful face was pale as marble.

Taking the lacquer cabinet, she tore it from the cable with which it was connected and dashed it to the floor. Momentarily the mask melted. Her features were those of Medusa, the Destroyer.

Then she crossed to a panel in the circular wall and pressed a button concealed in the framework.

In the interval which followed the head of a hatchet made a momentary appearance through a panel behind the long table.

The hidden door behind which the duchess stood opened. It revealed the car of an elevator.

Drake Roscoe stepped out.

For immeasurable moments the two faced one another.

"Because you are the last to leave the sinking ship," said Roscoe, "I admire you. You'd have made a grand sailor. But for Great Head Center I haven't a scrap of sympathy."

The hatchet triumphed. Police Captain Daly crashed into the room, shedding mother-of-pearl about him like confetti. Deputy Commissioner Burke followed, paused, picked up his cigar.

"My niece!" he said, looking at Roscoe.

"Safe! So is Madame Czerna. There's been murder, I'm afraid, but they are both back in Champion's home now."

Burke turned to the woman. Members of the raiding party were coming in through the opening. The wrenching and tearing below the floor kept on unremittingly.

"Duchess," said the deputy commissioner, "this is the most embarrassing moment of my life—"

"The Duchess de Guise," Roscoe interrupted, "has earned my respectful admiration. But she is *Great Head Center*."

"Duchess," said Deputy Commissioner Burke, "you are under arrest."

It's the lather that does it!

YOUR shave is only as good as your lather. It's what goes on in the lather that determines whether you're going to get a swift, sweet, cool, smooth shave.

Mennen Shaving Cream with its exclusive principle of *dermutation* was developed on the proven theory that only when your beard has been properly softened can your razor do its best job.

Dermutation is that special action in Mennen lather which starts to work the minute you touch brush, cream and water to the face. It develops instantly in the rich, luxurious bank that rolls up under your brush. It softens completely the tough, fibrous hair shafts. No more need for messing or rubbing with your fingers. *Dermutation* relaxes and levels the tiny skin mounds at the base of the hairs so that the razor cuts the beard clean and close without nicking or scraping or scratching the skin. No soreness. No rawness. No free caustic to burn or parch or smart. And Mennen works equally well in cold or hard water. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather tone up and freshen the skin, leaving it smooth and fit.

Also Made Menthol-iced

A dash of menthol gives a cool, bracing zip to the lather that's refreshing and reviving. Those who like it, can have it and *Dermutation,* too—because we now make Mennen Shaving Cream two ways—with and without menthol. 50c either tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men

It's a man's face comfort—this Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Removes face shine and soothes the skin. 25c per tin. Also in stick form—50c.

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Take a back Seat

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

A BAND marched through the chief street of Houston. Behind it paraded a lot of men. Nicholas Brady of New York, Mayor Jimmy Walker's friend, leaned out of a window of the Rice Hotel and looked down on the marchers.

"Come here," he called to Ed Hurley of Chicago, who used to be head of the United States Shipping Board under President Wilson, "do you think those men down there are doing any harm? I don't. Well, Ed, they wouldn't let the Tammany boys come out here and have a little parade in honor of Al. Now what do you think of that?"

"They," I suppose, were the Tammany board of strategy at the Democratic National Convention, Judge Olvany, Surrogate Foley, Senator Wagner and Jimmy Hoey.

It is reported that the instructions to the Tammany braves who were present at Houston were: "If anybody hits you on the bean, don't hit him back. And when you come to in the hospital say, 'I don't know who did it. But whoever he was he was a perfect Southern gentleman.'"

Tammany at the convention was like the little boy whose rôle was to be seen and not heard—and not very much seen, either, for the Tammany leaders disappeared into the Rice Hotel whenever the convention was not in session.

Tiger's Claws Clipped

THEY advised delegations to hold back from coming to Al Smith until they had discharged all obligations to the favorite for whom they might be instructed. They preferred not to have the New York governor nominated on the first ballot, though it turned out that he had so many votes that there was a race among the states to see which should contribute the twenty or thirty votes necessary to make up his two-thirds majority.

They had no choice among candidates for Vice President. Any one upon whom two thirds of the delegates looked with favor was acceptable. So Tammany remained in the background.

And so it will be also if Governor Smith is elected President. The Inter-State Commerce Commission will be instructed to order the railroads not to sell a ticket from New York to Washington to any Tammany man. Telephone and telegraph companies will not convey messages from Tammany men to the White House. And Tammany will submit to the establishment of a sanitary cordon between itself and the Chief Executive, just as it submitted to being represented at Houston chiefly by high-hatted Southern gentlemen who had made their fortunes at the bar or in business in New York City, and just as it submitted to the edict against a parade by the boys in Houston.

Tammany has not had much to say at Albany during the eight years that Smith has occupied the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Moskowitz and Judge Proskauer, non-Tammany reformers, have been at least as influential with the governor as Judge Olvany and Surrogate Foley. And if the guess of Washington is correct, his campaign manager John J. Raskob, of the General Motors Company, hitherto a Republican, will be Secretary of the Treasury if Governor Smith forms a Cabinet.

Now let us look at the Tammany leaders at Houston. First there is Judge George W. Olvany, the titular head of Tammany Hall, but not necessarily the most important. He is the first appointed leader of the New York Democracy, if we except Lewis Nixon, a shipbuilder, who held power very briefly by appointment from Richard Croker. Judge Olvany was made leader by Al Smith, Surrogate Foley and Senator Wagner, the three most powerful men in the Fourteenth Street organization when Murphy died.

The Brains of Tammany

TALL, red-faced, smiling and affable, Judge Olvany violates all the traditions of Tammany leadership by talking freely to newspaper men. Tammany, to his notion, is not a sort of underworld of politics, a Mafia or secret society. Al Smith at Albany has made Tammany respectable, and Olvany basks in the sunshine of respectability. Friendly, fond of good living, he is not the man to have made his way to the top by the force of his will or of his fists. As a boss he is as different from Croker or Murphy as Hilles is from Platt or Barnes.

Surrogate James Foley, tall and slender, with a prominent nose and large, intense eyes, is the most striking looking man of the lot. His is a face you might expect to find high in the church. He might have been leader of Tammany Hall instead of Olvany, except that he does not like authority, shrinks from the clash of his will with other men's wills. His is the most acute mind in Tammany Hall.

He has too much mind for a boss, who should be cunning but stupid, so far as the higher ranges of mental activity are concerned and above all sure of himself, rather than, as Judge Foley is, subtle and perhaps sophistical. A man of high character, by all accounts.

Al's Two Chums

NOW we come to two men who are closer to Al Smith. The first is Senator Robert F. Wagner, an old associate of Smith's in the New York Legislature. Wagner is solid and studious. A German by birth and industry, cautious almost to the point of timidity, scrupulous about everything that he does, as painstaking about his reputation as a Beau Brummell is about his clothes, recognizing higher loyalties than loyalty to Tammany Hall, by temperament more of a follower than a leader, a follower with a touch of independence in him. He owes his place to the fact that he is a Tammany man who, like Al Smith, rose to command general respect. He has not the showy qualities of his friend, the governor.

Then there is Jimmy Hoey, fat and jovial, something of the boy about him. He is a Tammany man who did not come from the sidewalks of New York. He grew up in Omaha. He is an insurance man with the personality of a great salesman. He feels a greater loyalty to Al Smith than to Tammany. He is the chief Tammany man in Al Smith's kitchen cabinet, which is mostly made up of reformers and Republicans.

The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 21

in her life had she known this mood before, this insidious ecstasy that made merely breathing an adventure, that turned the quiet sitting-room of a country cabin into a magic apartment where anything might happen—where every book and flower and curve of rug or curtain was fraught with significance.

At about nine o'clock she heard Bert's step on the porch. He almost always came in to see his father in the evenings, if he were free; he dined with Hugh at least twice a week. There was nothing odd in his coming tonight.

Beatrice's throat thickened, and she bent over the table with lowered eyelashes and hands that trembled.

He seemed rather quiet. He said, "Hello, Dad," in his friendly, cheerful young voice, and added, of the evening, "gosh, isn't this a hummer?"

SHE raised her eyes for a sort of flicker of greeting, without being able to meet his look—if he looked. Her eyelids seemed weighted with lead. Immediately she saw his fine young hand, within her range of vision, lighting a cigarette.

"I never knew such a night—Rosie O'Grady is on her ear," Bert said to his father easily. The pet name was his favorite for his dignified grandmother. Hugh, working with a small metal ruler and an incredibly sharp pencil, said abstractedly:

"Two packs of cards, and solitaire for her, until the storm breaks, of course?"

"She was hard at it when I left," Bert assented.

A violent wind smote the roof, trees swished and creaked, and doors and windows rattled. The sitting-room window curtains stood out straight and level, papers lifted and sailed in the air. Hugh and Bert leaped to make everything secure, and Beatrice gathered up the scattered plans; maids could be heard laughing excitedly as they ran upstairs to shut windows and doors.

"I think I'll cut home to Granny before it breaks!" Bert said. "It makes her nervous."

"I'll go too!" Hugh added. He glanced at Beatrice. "Want to come along?"

"Not if you don't mind, Hugh? I was there for lunch. And I'm so sticky and dirty and tired—" Beatrice made a little appealing gesture of her hands. "I think I'll take a long, luxurious tub, with all the windows wide open," she said, "and get comfortable, and read for a while."

"Do you mean that you don't mind this?" Bert asked incredulously, of the increasing wind and storm.

"I love it!"

"I won't be ten minutes," Hugh promised. After all, his mother's house was not two hundred yards away, through the pines. "I just want to be sure that everything's all right."

When Bert and Hugh let themselves out at the front door, she was ascending the stairs, books under her arm. They looked up at her, and she smiled back, the tempered light soft on her shining hair, and the curves of her slender body graciously outlined in her gown of black lace. Hugh said, "You're sure you're not frightened?" and Beatrice laughed scornfully, and they were gone.

She had her bath, in a bathroom suffocatingly hot, because of closed windows, and afterward could open everything and let the delicate wet warm air stream through. The wind was still blowing hard, but the rain was falling in hot, slow, reluctant drops now, and every instant brought relief a little nearer.

She powdered, brushed, straightened her discarded garments, lowered lights, knelt in childhood's fashion, beside her bed, to pray. And all the while a thought lurked thrillingly in the back of her mind—she would not take it out, she would not look at it yet, but it was there; it would be ready when she needed it.

She heard Hugh come in and run upstairs, and her heart warmed. Dear old Hugh, it was always good to have him return from any absence, short or long. He was taking the stairs like a boy; he was probably drenched, even after that brief exposure to the storm.

But it was not Hugh. There was a quick knocking, and Bert's voice. Instantly she was out of bed, across the floor, and facing him anxiously through the opened door.

"It's nothing!" he said reassuringly. "It's only that Granny feels badly, and she rather wants Dad to stay over there, tonight. So I came after you!"

"Oh?" she said, in relief. And then, on a long sigh, "Oh, I thought it was something the matter. Come in! Or, no," Beatrice corrected herself, laughing, "don't come in. I forgot that I'm not dressed."

He had often been in his father's room before, he had been accustomed all his life to dawdle about in it comfortably, and—he reflected now—he must have seen Beatrice in her pale blue silk pajamas before, with her red hair ruffled in this innocent childish fashion, and her slim, young, vital person fragrant from bath and powders. But to them both this moment was new.

"My God, you are beautiful, Bee!" Bert said, in a whisper. He put his arms about her, and crushed her face against his own.

In a second she was free, panting, and with her eyes bright and hard. When she spoke it was in a fluttered yet definite voice:

"Don't do that, Bert! Wait for me downstairs, will you? I won't be a moment."

He stood for a little space looking at her; they were both breathing quickly.

"I scared you, didn't I?" Bert said.

"Then? No!" she answered scornfully. But she was shaking.

"Bee," he said quickly, impulsively, "are you sorry?"

"I'm not sorry, I'm not anything!" she responded impatiently. "Go—go downstairs, and wait for me!"

Still he hesitated, looking at her irresolutely.

"I'm—I'm not enjoying it, exactly," he said.

She had crossed to her dressing table, snapped up its brilliant lights. In the mirror wings he could see a trio of Beatrices, a dozen trios of her. He saw one vista after another of her tousled youthful head, the white stretch of her throat, the thin silk pajama jacket that her fast-moving, firm breasts moved up and down, her hands, nervously busy with her hairbrush, her smoldering, troubled blue eyes, finding him in the glass.

"I'm sorry!" he said, simply, eloquently, in the silence.

"Oh, *sorry!*" she burst out suddenly. She was sitting now; it was as if she were determined to dismiss him by resolutely beginning her toilet. She flung down her hairbrush and put her elbows on the table, and buried her face in her hands. "I could kill myself!" she stammered. "I don't know what to do!"

THE world rocked for Bert; stood still. He could feel his heart race. His thoughts tumbled over one another; every other consideration was forgotten; he knew only that he must not kill this first sign of weakening on her part.

"It's not *our* fault!" he said.

Beatrice took down her hands, knotted her fingers before her, amid the jumbled rich furnishings of her dressing table, and stared somberly at herself, and through herself, into far spaces, in the mirror.

"You must go downstairs," she said, in a level, lifeless voice.

"I know it—I know it!" Bert answered, suddenly angry and petulant. He left the room, the door remaining open. Outside the house the wind was still worrying through the pines, if with lessened intensity, and the rain fell in sheets.

Beatrice sat motionless, as he had left

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her. His face had been wet, when he pressed it against hers, and his hands had left wet places on her shoulders. Her mouth was still burning from the touch of his mouth.

She felt vague and dazed; her thoughts refused to be ordered.

"Mrs. Challoner is frightened of this storm," she said aloud, looking aimlessly about her. "Bert's waiting for me, downstairs. I must get dressed!"

Her telephone rang. Apathetically she drew it toward her.

It was Hugh saying he was coming home after all.

Beatrice hung up the telephone and went out into the hall. It was lighted, and Bert, looking up at her room, was standing halfway up the stairs.

"Hugh's coming home, Bert," she said briefly, and turned back to her room.

"I don't blame him!" Bert said in a hard voice.

BEATRICE did not speak to him nor look at him again. When Hugh came home she heard the lower hall door slam as Bert departed, and busied herself in seeing that a thorough soaking should do Hugh no harm.

"Get every stitch of that wet clothing off, Hugh Challoner, and take a hot bath. It's much cooler than it was. You'll have your death if you don't look out," scolded Beatrice, established once more in her pillows, with her opened book before her.

"Bert wake you up?" Hugh asked.

"No, I was reading. He came up and knocked at my door, and for a minute I was paralyzed. I thought something had happened to you!"

"And you'd mind if something happened to me?" Hugh asked, stopping in the act of tying the tasseled strings of his dressing gown.

She looked at him levelly, temperately, across her book.

"No, I'd love it," she said placidly. "The thought of your body, drifting about the lake, face down, is one that gives me real pleasure!"

He came to the side of the bed and sat down on it and took her hand.

"Bee, what a fool I am!" he said repentantly.

"If you ask me, you're hopeless!" Beatrice assured him.

The next day but one was Sunday; they all went to the clubhouse to lunch, and afterward watched the tennis. Twenty-four hours of rain had freshened the air and revived the gardens and lawns, and despite the hot summer sunshine the world seemed to be made new.

Bert was playing in the finals of the tournament, and Hugh drove him over early, and shared his extremely limited luncheon somewhere out of sight. Beatrice had luncheon with friends, and joined Minnie and some of the youngsters, and sauntered down to the courts at about half past two o'clock.

"These are just preliminaries!" Mrs. Kavanaugh called across to Minnie. Beatrice and Minnie smiled at her, and returned a "How do you do?" and Hugh came down among them, in his light flannels, with a Panama hat pushed up on his hot forehead, and took an empty chair next to Beatrice.

"Did you see Mrs. Kavanaugh, dear?" said Beatrice, nodding and smiling at Aileen again.

"Oh, hello, Aileen!" Hugh said.

"Is he nervous?" Aileen called.

"Bert?"

"Yes. Is he nervous?" Aileen strolled over to them, and as there was another empty chair, she took it. It was very lovely down on the grassy edge of the courts; parterres of flowers were blazing on all sides, and the rounded tops of the trees and shrubs framed the clean, cropped turf on which the white nets were stretched. Over under the awnings of the grandstand there were fifty or sixty persons especially privileged in the matter of seats, but Beatrice thought it much pleasanter here in the natural green shade of the trees, with the rise of the hill behind them, and the sun already declining.

She loved to be seen with Hugh; she had not been married so long but that certain persons were pointing her out as young Mrs. Challoner, and she liked it. She had seemed actually nervous and unlike herself yesterday, and was still a little pale and serious today, but that only made the odd pallor of her skin more effective and a bright blaze of her hair a more striking contrast. Her plain gown was tan silk, and her hat tan, her creamy stockings and smart little shoes, and the stretched taut silk of her parasol provided another clear note of tan, in the sunlight, when she sauntered over to the grandstand beside Hugh, to speak to certain distinguished guests. The thin line of her loose leather belt was vivid blue.

Bert won, of course, but only after a hard fight, and came up after the game, breathless and red-faced and with his shirt sticking to his big shoulders, to be congratulated. They all circled about him; Beatrice was one of the last to speak to him.

"It was wonderful, Bert!" she said. Bert wheeled about as if he had been shot.

"I didn't know you were here!" he said, under his breath. He took her hand, and bent his tumbled head over it. "Why, Bee—Bee, I didn't know you were here!" he muttered again.

Aileen saw it, everyone saw it—even Hugh. They saw that the big fellow was completely confused. He laughed boyishly, and spoke only incoherently and foolishly.

After a moment he put his hand under Beatrice's elbow—a proceeding that was the less conspicuous because the entire group was now beginning to drift toward the clubhouse—and guided her in that direction.

"I couldn't have hit a ball if I'd known you were here!" Bert said, bending close over her, smiling down into her eyes. "It's lovely, Bee—it's a delicious dress—" he went on, entirely oblivious to watching eyes about them. "And is this the silly little parasol that goes along? Let me carry that—"

"Oh, Bert—" she breathed, only too painfully conscious of their position. "*Please*—"

"I can't help it!" he stammered, laughing shakenly, as he hurried her along. "I thought I was never going to see you again! I didn't know—I'm not asking for anything! I only want to see you now and then—that's all. I don't know what I'm saying, and I don't care—"

"Please—a little slower—" She was trying to retard their pace, she was scarlet-cheeked now and beside herself with nervousness and distress.

"I've been in hell since Friday night," he said. "I thought my eyes would go blind, without the sight of you! I've not been able to eat or to sleep—oh, Bee, if we could get away from these damn' people—"

"We can't!" she said guardedly. "Bert, for Hugh's sake—for my sake—I entreat you—"

"Bee, I'm so happy! You came to see me play—I never dreamed you would! Dad brought me over, and I didn't even ask him—"

"And beautifully played too!" she said, in a natural bright tone, for the sake of possible eavesdroppers.

"Oh, nonsense!" he said, laughing. "What does the game matter? You know it doesn't matter! Bee, did you have my note?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" She was distracted.

SHE turned resolutely back, and waited, in the chattering throngs, until Hugh and Aileen and some of the others came up. "I've turned his—his head completely. He's fed up on praise!"

"That's what you two have been talking so hard about?" Aileen said lightly, with a trace of deadly significance on the first word.

Bee did not answer. She slipped quietly into step beside Hugh; her heart was beating fast, and she felt confused, frightened for fear that she or Bert had betrayed something; nervously apprehensive of what Hugh's mood might be; afraid that her manner was fluttered and strained.

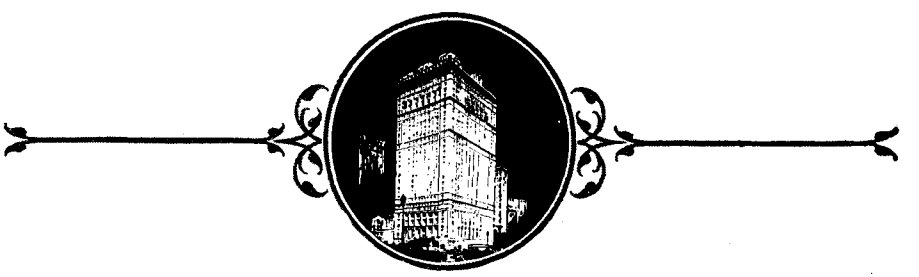
Bert left them, turning off toward the shower rooms, and Beatrice and Hugh got into their own car. Hugh was so silent, and had so tense and stern an expression in his eyes, that Beatrice felt as if she were being driven home by an absolute stranger, and grew more and more uneasy with every one of the dozen half miles.

(*To be continued next week*)

Good night

Come to sleep, to sojourn here. It's a restful, beautiful, finer place to stay. In all of old Earth, no other hotel excels its courtesy nor its swift, well-mannered service; none other could. Inimitable chefs, great Garces and John, plan things for you to eat so savoury, so delicious—and as many as for old King Cole . . . Then, at night, when you retire . . . you sink into warm cozy depths, you pull soft linens and comforts up 'round chins and ears, you poke your toes exploringly from warmer to colder spots and back again, and you smile and you sigh and you turn and you listen to the far-away whoooooee of ferry boats from Canada and sounds get fainter and fainter and you smile and you sleep . . . *Good night.*

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
DETROIT



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The Nomination

Continued from page 6

"Yes, why don't I?" I asked.

"I'll denounce you before the convention, before the country," said Landers.

"Get out," said I. "You're through," I said.

He got out.

"Pour me a shot of Scotch," I said.

Cummock poured me a shot. I downed it. The telephone rang. It was Platt.

"How serious is this Duveen demonstration, Chief?" he asked.

"I thought Landers was all set," I said.

"Has he been to see you?" he asked.

"He just left," I said. "He's going to denounce me."

"That'll be something new for you, won't it, Chief?" Wise guy, Platt. Knows when to laugh.

"Shut him up," I said.

"He's got a big mouth," said Platt.

"REMIND him of that water-power bill when he was governor," I said.

"Oh, ho!" said Platt. "You're afraid that the scandal—"

"Afraid nothing!" I said. "He double-crossed the gang that elected him."

"Is it Duveen?" he asked.

"Ring me up again," I said.

I hung up. I looked at Duveen.

"I want the attorney general, and all the prohibition-enforcement appointments," I said.

"You talking to me?" he asked.

"I'm talking to the next President of the United States," I said.

"You can't have them," he said.

"Gosh, you gone crazy?" cried Cummock.

I turned to Cummock.

"Would you give me what I wanted?" I asked.

"You know dam' well I would."

I looked at Duveen.

"You heard what Cummock said," I told him.

"I'm not Cummock," he said.

"Getting high-hat already?" I asked. "California and Maryland and Ohio don't exactly mean a nomination."

There was a knock on the door. "Answer it," I said to Cummock.

He let in Forester of the Met Bank. He didn't even bother to shake hands.

"Is Landers out?" he asked.

"He's out," I said.

"He was safe. He promised—"

"He's out," I said again. "You know Senator Duveen, don't you?"

"Sure, I do," he said. "Glad to see you, Senator." He turned to me. "The Federal Reserve—"

"Talk to the senator," I said.

He puffed his lips like a boy blowing bubbles. "You don't mean—"

"Don't I?" I said. "Why don't I?"

Forester was fast on his feet.

"Senator, I congratulate you. If Mr. Craven is for you. About the Federal Reserve. We'll want certain assurance—"

"I ain't got any," I interrupted him.

Forester stared at me. "But, Mr. Craven, if the interests I represent—"

"Listen," I said, "I'd like promises. I'd like a lot of things. But we've got to win. This Landers can't win. Nobody that's been too prominent in the last four years has a chance to win. Duveen can win."

"But if he'd just assure us—"

"You've heard me," I said. "That'll be all."

He looked at Duveen. "Senator, I congratulate you."

Nice feller, Forester. He didn't get to be the banker he was by batting his brains out against stone walls. He went out.

Duveen got up from his chair and looked out the window. Sort of got calm, all of a sudden.

"It's a big thing, being President," he said.

"Kinda big," I said.

"Why have you picked me, Chief?" he asked.

"Never heard you make a promise in your life," I said. "Got you elected as alderman, put you in the legislature, made you governor, then senator. Always played square with the party, but had an eye out for the interests of the voters."

"Must be something in it for you," he said.

I nodded. "Sure, there is. Kinda tired being called a lousy cheap political boss. Thought, if you went to the White House, I'd take your place in the Senate. Any objections?"

"Lots," he said. "Your record."

"Then that's out," I said. "Won't be ashamed to be seen with me, will you?"

HE COME up to me and put his arm around me.

"Chief, there'll be a room waiting for you in the White House whenever you feel like coming. You're my pal, Chief, but—politically—nothing doing."

"Sounds like a story-book," I said. "Noble hero refuses deal with villain."

"It's a big job, being President," he said.

"You can do it," I said.

"By God, I will do it," he said.

He shook hands with me.

Nice feller, Duveen. Guts. And they got to have guts if you're going to put them in the White House. Once in a while a jellyfish gets there, but mostly not.

Platt rang me up again.

"It's Duveen," I told him.

Then I turned on the radio and listened.

To Have and to Scold

Continued from page 14

out the fire. The pastor quietly left town; the husband was persuaded that his wife was the victim of circumstances. It was everybody's opinion that a divorce would serve no good end.

It is the small-town rule to fight out marital differences in the home; it is positively against the village rules to air unwholesome domestic relations publicly; it has a disquieting effect upon other married couples, jeopardizes the business of the village matchmakers, and positively alarms the anxious mother who is deeply concerned with the problem of marrying off her eligible daughters.

In nearly a quarter of a century of newspaper reporting and editing in one small town I have observed scores of triangular love affairs that might have ended disastrously for city dwellers, but nothing much came of them here.

What does an errant wife in a New York apartment care for what her neighbors say about the strange man who calls at her apartment in her husband's absences, when the woman doesn't even know or speak to the family who lives just across the hall in the same apartment? But it is different in our town. The triangular love affair in our town doesn't proceed very far before the foolish ones are found out, gossip begins its work, the amorous adventurers give it up and return to the placid and respectable routine of orderly life.

They Fought It Out in the Home

THERE was the case of our tired little business man who fell in love with a flapper. He had married young, worked like a slave all his life, raised a big family by a buxom and talkative wife, and in middle age got the uneasy feeling that life had cheated him. He wanted a thrill. He got it. His outside love affair hadn't proceeded farther than the purchase of a wrist watch for

A population expert says we can run along another thirty years before all the farms are turned into public golf links.

Have you noticed that Woodrow Wilson's picture is on the new $1,000 bills?

It is now the time of year when a good many family antiques are transported from home to appear on the beach in bathing suits.

A London astronomer says if the earth had always been covered with clouds we would still know there were stars. Nobody but a Londoner would have thought of this.

"My girl voters are sure a good-looking lot," said Uncle Sam, "yet they don't all register with me."

The best time to consult a road map is after you've been where it says you ought to go.

Newspaper fans are looking forward to the crook-of-the-month club.

If we are going to keep religion out of politics, what's the matter with putting it into the churches?

The world is certainly growing smaller. Yesterday the man who lives two doors away said good morning.

They returned from the ride with the platform inside and a smile on the face of the tiger.

The hip-pocket flask makes the worst back-seat driver.

"I have the situation well in hand," said the girl who had just got her engagement ring.

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the interesting little creature of his new desire when his wife got hep. They fought it out in the home and he hasn't missed a Wednesday-night prayer meeting or a Friday-night choir practice since.

Not so long ago there was a temperamental married woman in our town who sighed for freedom. She had married young, her children were growing up, and she had retained her youthful athletic figure and much of her original charm. Neighbors remarked that while her husband grew older every day, she actually appeared to be growing younger. And the conventions and restraints of married life began to peeve her. Her husband, being a philosophical sort, told her she could have all the freedom she wanted; to go right ahead and have a good time any way she liked and not mind him. Did she run amuck? She did not.

"One has to respect the conventions in a small town, you know," she confided to a chum. "There are so many people who really cannot understand, and those of us who are the social leaders of the town must be very circumspect in our conduct and set only a wholesome example for others."

I have my own ideas as to how this interesting young social leader might have behaved in a city where a five-cent subway or fifty cents' worth of taxi would have put her beyond the scrutiny of neighbors any hour.

But as a rule the restraint on the freedom of married folks in small towns is not fairly balanced. Small-town husbands have far more freedom than small-town wives. Consciously or unconsciously, the neighbors keep up a constant espionage upon the small-town home and the wife who spends most of her time in it. The husband's movements are not so easily followed.

A Remarkable Confession

THE only divorce cases involving notable folks that have appeared on the dockets of our local courts were cases in which one of the parties to the action was no longer a resident of the town or state and for this reason contemptuous of what the neighbors might think or say. So long as both man and wife continue their abode in the little old home town, so long will they be persuaded to avoid a scandal and—fight out their troubles behind their own drawn shades.

Just the other day a friend who has been a resident of a neighboring small town for only two years made a remarkable confession to me. I had remarked that everybody envied the happiness of his married life.

"I'll tell you a secret," said my friend. "It was not always this way with us.

"For three years our married life had been a very hell on earth. We lived in a large city; I was away from home a great deal of the time. My wife was jealous, petulant, nagging. I resented her jealousy, her fussing, her nagging.

"It was a wretched life and would have ended in a separation. But my firm sent me to this clean, wholesome little country town to look after their interests in this region. An important part of my work was to get acquainted with everybody in the town and its environs and create good will for the firm.

The City Invented the Criminal

"TO MAKE a long story short, in the city we had never been forced to dissemble or give a hurrah for what other folks said or thought. In the small town we just had to put on a good face. It was hard for a day or two, but seemed to come natural after that. We were amazed. It not only worked with our new neighbors, but it worked miracles in both of us.

"We were dressing for dinner one night—about the fifth or sixth night of our adventuring in the business of adjusting ourselves to small-town life—when the wife suddenly threw her arms around my neck, kissed me, and said: 'Oh, David, I'm so happy!'

"We were late to dinner that night. To tell the truth, we both choked up and had a good long cry, after which we petted each other with genuine affection and agreed that we were always going to be nice to each other after that.

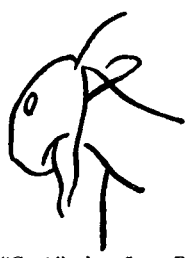
"You see, we had discovered that what we both needed and wanted more than anything else in the world was just to be friendly and decent to each other and every other good thing would follow. But we had to come under the monitors of a little town to find ourselves. Hang your big towns! Say, did it ever occur to you that the city was the invention of the world's first criminal? I have come to attach considerable significance to the fact that when Cain went out from the presence of the Lord into the land of Nod he builded a city. I guess that was his punishment."

Nameographs

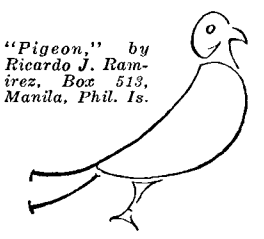
The beast, the bird and the fish come in for their share of publicity this week. Why not see what you can do?

We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Address Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. You can get a book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs and all sorts of suggestions from your bookseller or from Reilly & Lee, Chicago, for $1.35.

"Crow," by Mrs. H. B. Street, 4 Narlbrook Park, Narbeth, Pa.

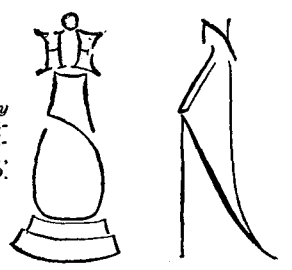


"Goat," by Leo D. Keller, 17 Maryland St., Rochester, N. Y.

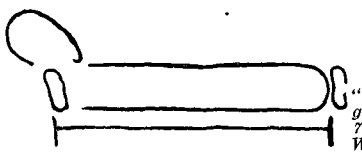


"Pigeon," by Ricardo J. Ramirez, Box 513, Manila, Phil. Is.

"Black Bass," by George O'Mara 3269 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.

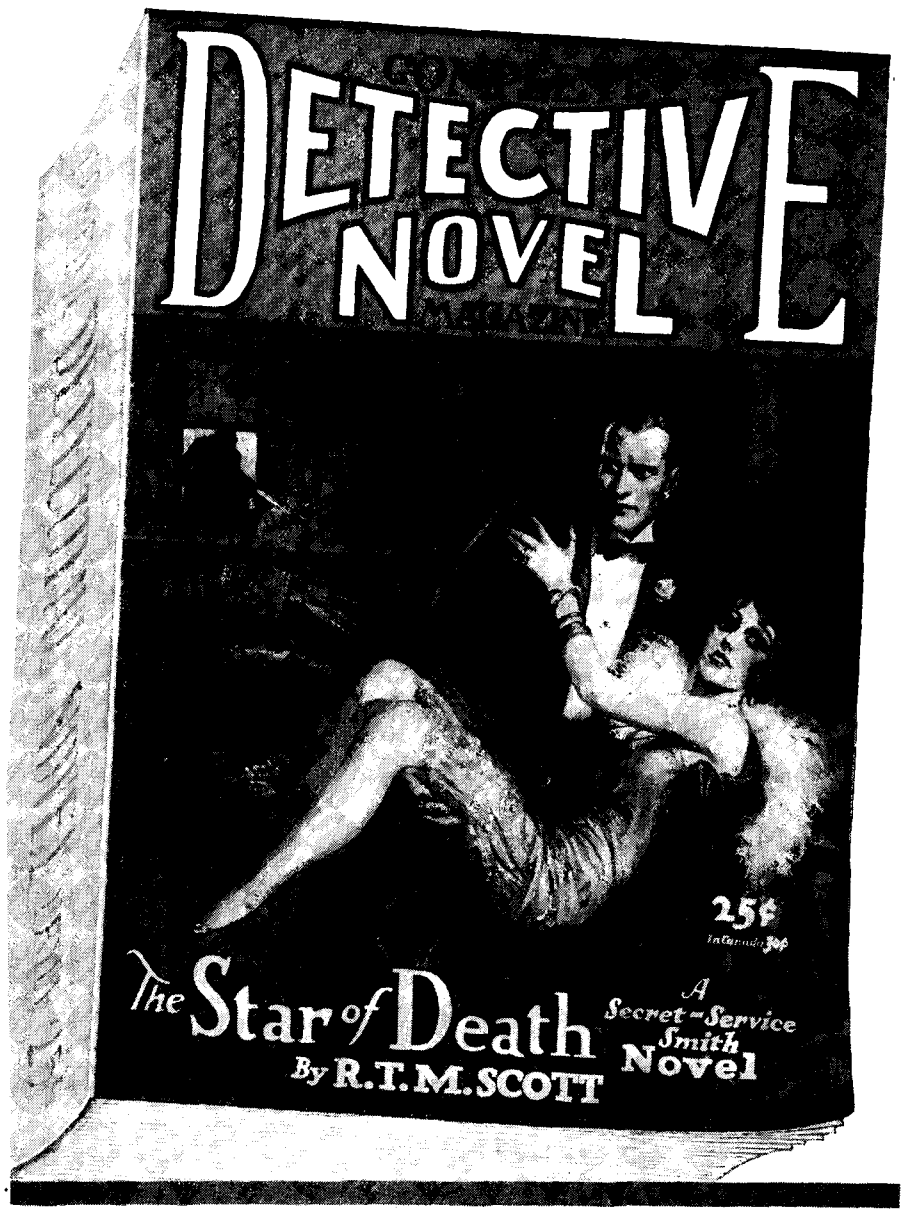


"Chess," by Bernard Kluber, 2462 Williams Ave., Norwood, O.



"Couch," by Angeline B. Boselli, 70 Gildersleeve St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"Nun," by A. A. Tagaris, 1644 East 86 St., Cleveland, Ohio



Crack, crack!—*rat-tat-tat*

"Machine-gun fire! Corner window, third floor. Must get you in house," Smith gasped.

What had she done? Why was this New York society girl hounded at every turn?

What Did Ann Know?

One caller was murdered in cold blood on Ann Weatherby's very doorstep. Another suitor drowned. Her fiance was poisoned. What could she know?—what did she have?—what was the secret mystery of this sheltered girl—what made nations tremble for fear she would divulge her knowledge?

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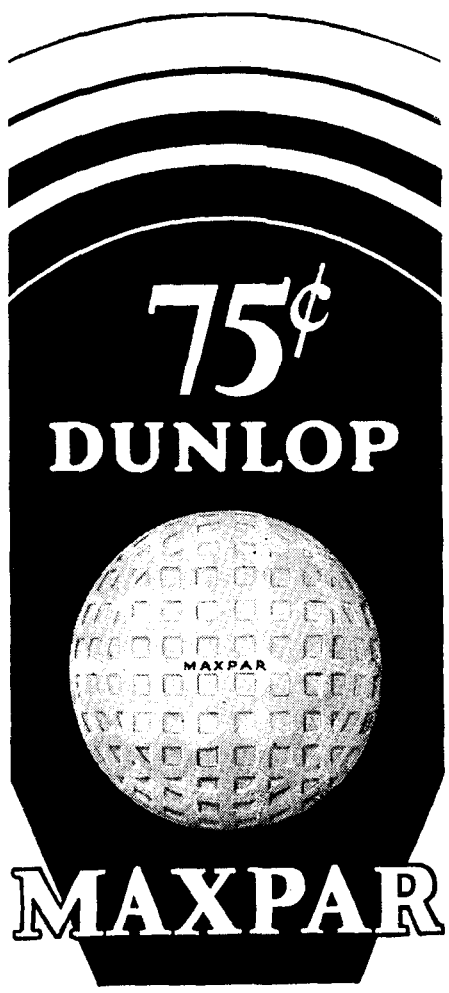


Don't Give Up the Ships!

Continued from page 22

shippers to wreck our merchant marine —to take our flag off the seas."

But let's examine an expert witness on this point. The witness is in the shipping business. He has had practical experience as an operator of government ships under the customary arrangement with the Shipping Board. He asked me not to mention his name because it might subject him to a Shipping Board inquisition (another reason why government should not be in business).

His statement goes to the heart of the matter, revealing the fundamental defect of government in business:

"Business men avoid dealing with the federal government because of the bureaucratic methods of government agents, which result in delayed decisions—especially in the settlement of claims.

"It is a common saying among shippers that, if the government ships were privately owned and operated, they would be patronized by American shippers generally to a much greater degree than they are now."

"Passing the Buck"

LET'S examine another witness, who may enlighten us a bit as to the interpretation of the figures which show the decline in total volume of American foreign business carried abroad in American ships. This witness, Mr. I. A. Campbell, general counsel for the American Steamship Owners' Association, says:

"This failure to maintain our position in our own trade does not reflect the results of privately owned and operated ships. If the facts were revealed, they would show a steady increase in American trade carried in American privately owned ships. The decline is with the government ships. In those operations it is really more marked than the published figures indicate, for the gains made by the privately owned vessels have helped cover the losses in volume of the government ships."

Delayed shipments. Damaged goods. Poor handling. Improper stowage of cargo. Technically fought claims. Broken agreements. "Passing the buck" from one government official to another. That's why American exporters are increasingly loth to entrust business to the government-operated line.

Nor can these defects be cured. There's no incentive on the part of the joint operator. He gets his percentage of the gross voyage revenue and the government pays the losses.

Add to these factors yet another, and the tale is told—business men resent the government's entering a business that belongs to private enterprise. They feel that it is unfair competition. The fear of such competition makes a man hesitate a long time before he will invest his money and brains in a private shipping venture.

Moreover, the fact that our government is in the shipping business as a competitor with private enterprise is used to the detriment of American foreign trade. Agents of foreign shipping frankly approach foreign importers, purchasers of American goods, with this appeal:

"Why do you buy American goods when the American Government is a competitor with private enterprise in the shipping business? Private business should stand together against government encroachment. Buy your goods from nations that encourage and support private business."

The Congress, but recently adjourned, took cognizance of this ship problem.

The Senate passed the Jones Bill.

This bill steered straight for government ownership and operation of the merchant fleet. It authorized an extensive program of new shipbuilding by the government. It then emasculated the instruction of Congress to the Shipping Board in the Act of 1920 to sell the government ships to private operators—it provided that no ships should be sold without a unanimous vote of the Shipping Board. Amendments to require less than a unanimous vote were rejected by the Senate.

In speaking for the Jones Bill senator after senator explained that he opposed government ownership—except as a last resort. The Jones Bill as it passed the Senate was that last resort.

With the passage of the Jones Bill hopes for an adequate, successful privately operated American-flag marine touched zero.

But in the House were those who were not yet ready to surrender to the government-ownership advocates. And, to make a long story short, the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries presented a bill. This bill passed the House, and later on, in conference between the House and Senate, a compromise was effected. This compromise, known as the White-Jones Bill, passed both House and Senate and was approved by the President.

In view of the past attitude of Congress, the White-Jones Bill is generally looked upon as a forward step toward the encouragement of a privately owned American-flag marine.

Particularly is this true in the liberalizing of the terms of the construction loan fund, which makes funds available to shipowners for building new ships. The need for new ships to replace worn-out and obsolete types needs no debate. Under the new act this loan fund is increased from $150,000,000, provided in the Act of 1920, to $250.-000,000.

From this fund, upon such terms as the Shipping Board may prescribe, loans are to be made for the construction of new vessels or the reconditioning of ships in service, to be operated in services deemed necessary by the Shipping Board, provided such ships are built in American shipyards and are of the most modern and most efficient type.

No loan is to be made for a greater sum than three fourths of the total cost of the vessel, and payment is to be secured to the government by such security as the Shipping Board may require.

The White-Jones Bill further encourages private shipbuilding and operation by increasing the payment for mail transport.

In this aid to shipping the bill follows the precedent established by all nations that would encourage a merchant marine as a necessary agency of commerce in peace and of defense in war.

These payments, in the past, have not served greatly to encourage private ship operation because the rate of compensation was not sufficient. The new law is much more liberal than previous provisions. But, while it makes generous provisions for mail ships, it fails to provide for cargo ships.

The measure originally proposed in the House—the White Bill—provided a plan of contract service for cargo ships.

The purpose of this provision was to get the Shipping Board out of the shipping business by provisions that would have put an end to existing arrangements under which managing operators of Shipping Board cargo lines are paid a percentage of the gross freight earnings of the lines while the federal treasury foots all the losses.

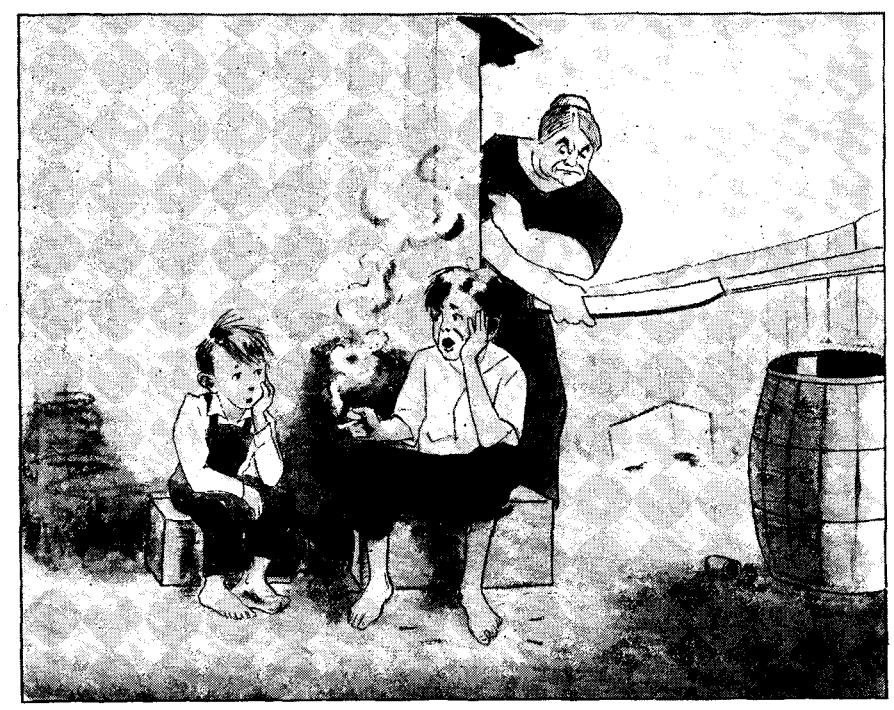
In addition, this contract proposal had other merits. It assured the continuation of all established cargo lines. It would have hastened the day of private ownership and operation of such lines by making such lines attractive to private ship operators as enterprises that offered a reasonable investment venture.

This provision failed, however, in the act as finally passed and approved. So the eventual status of the cargo line is yet to be determined. Meanwhile the Shipping Board remains in the business, and the loss-paying by the federal treasury continues.

One Good Thing Accomplished

THE bill, as finally passed, moreover, contains the replacement provision of the original Senate, or Jones, Bill. This provision authorizes the Shipping Board to present to Congress recommendations for new vessels so that Congress may—in its wisdom—add to the government merchant fleet at such times and seasons as it feels so disposed. With this provision in the act as passed, it may well mean that, instead of getting Uncle Sam out of the shipping business, it may get him more deeply and more expensively and extensively into it. That's left open to subsequent Congresses.

By and large, while the act as passed is by no means the act the government-ownership advocates would have passed, neither does it go all the way necessary to assure a successful privately owned and operated American-flag fleet. But, at all events, it checked the advance of the government-ownership cohorts—and that in itself is something for which loud hosannas might with propriety be sung.



"Take it from me, Jimmie, and don't go learnin' no bad habits—I oney wisht I could give up smokin'!"

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In the Hands of the Sergeant

Continued from page 17

vouchers. He wheeled in his chair as Cutler entered.

"Just in time, Mr. Cutler," he said pleasantly. "I have finished with the papers. They seem to be correct. As soon as I verify the cash balance, we shall be through."

Sergeant Conway handed the colonel the little drawer from the safe which contained green and yellow bills. There were a good many of them, and the colonel soon turned to Cutler.

"Count it yourself. I seem to be getting a little tired. It doesn't seem to come out right—twenty short as I make it."

Slowly Cutler counted the money. Beside him the old sergeant watched with narrowing eyes. It would be very easy to lie. Perhaps the colonel would trust young eyes and an alert brain. But Cutler had not sunk as low as that.

"Colonel, it is twenty dollars short," he said in a voice he did not recognize as his own.

The colonel stood up. The kindness was all gone from his face.

"This shortage must be explained," he snapped.

Sergeant Conway's weather-roughened voice broke the strained silence:

"Beggin' the colonel's pardon, sorr, but I can explain it, sorr."

Cutler remembered the sergeant's entrance the night before, and shuddered at the suddenness and sureness of the punishment which seemed to hang over him.

"You, Sergeant?" asked the colonel sharply. "What have you to do with it?"

"Here's the twenty that's short, sorr," Sergeant Conway replied, tossing a crisp bill on the desk.

"Where in blazes did you get it?"

"Found it, sorr. Last night the lieutenant was verifyin' the funds, sorr. I heard him leave the office and started to police up a bit before lockin' up for the night, and I seed this bill lyin' before the safe. I hurried down to the lieutenant's quarters, sorr; but he'd just gone out, and I had no chance of seein' him until you came to inspect, sorr."

Cutler looked down at the money on the desk. It was a new, crisp paymaster's note—evidently the sergeant's own pay. He looked up, but Sergeant Conway was inscrutable.

FOR a moment the colonel stared at the money, and for more than a moment he looked hard at Cutler. Then, as he took his cap from the desk, he said, "Good morning, Mr. Cutler. I shall report everything as being correct. But I must say, sir, that you have a remarkably careless way of handling government money—and a remarkably efficient sergeant."

The door closed. Cutler was left alone with his sergeant, who was still standing at attention. He was still respectful, still the subordinate; for his training had been long and good. But Cutler forgot his own training. Putting out his hand, he began impulsively:

"Sergeant, why did you do that for me?"

Sergeant Conway took the hand that trembled in his and crushed it.

"You were over young for a court-martial, sorr," he said in a kind, almost fatherly voice. Then, dropping hastily back into his accustomed tone, he added, "Does the lieutenant wish to take the inventory now, sorr?"

Giant Killer

Continued from page 16

they want to see it. One thing is sure—Saul is no weakling, and Abner is no fool. If we fight them, we're fighting a pair of giants."

"But you're going, anyway?"

Joab shrugged.

"What else is there for me? Better than serving the King of Moab. But you're just married; there's no need for you—David would understand that you can't leave Tirzah."

"If you go, I go," said Abishai doggedly. "I'll explain it all to Tirzah. Tonight," he added prudently. . . .

IN THE morning Jesse sacrificed to Chemosh, the god of Moab, while Zeruiah looked on, her arm tight about little Asahel; Tirzah, it seemed, had told her husband good-by in private; she was not to be seen. Weak and tremulous, the old man kissed his son and his grandsons, tall, proud, young men, very handsome in their thin, silky beards.

"David!" said Asahel. "You'll let me come and fight for you too when I'm old enough?"

His mother clung to him.

"Hush, boy! The wars will all be over before you're old enough to fight." And then: "Why, Tirzah!"

Tirzah sauntered into the group, fresh and smiling, with knapsack and walking stick, her robe kilted up about her dimpled knees.

"I'm going too," she said.

That night they camped by a brook that ran down to Jordan. Their little fire of dry thorns burned brightly; David sang, softly strumming his harp—sang old songs of sheep-shearing and harvests, and lovers' trysts at dusk, while Abishai lay with his girl wife in his arms and Joab looked up at the winking stars with a gentle, not unpleasant melancholy. Years afterward he remembered that night; it was the last time they were all young together.

In the morning they pased over Jordan.

So three boys and a girl set off to conquer a kingdom—three boys and a girl, and an idea that was to set a whole nation aflame. And David came to the stronghold of Adullam; and everyone that was in distress and everyone that was in debt and everyone that was discontented gathered themselves to him, and they were about four hundred men.

"What do you think of them?" David asked dubiously a week later.

"Oh, something can be made out of them in time," Joab predicted. "But it takes discipline to make a man who has run away from his wife or his creditors stand up against the thrust of spears. Right now half their number of regulars could send them running."

"And Saul is coming down into Judah with three thousand men! We have a well in the fort; we could stand a siege—"

"Till Saul starved us out," Joab finished. "Unless, of course, Judah rose against him. But we'd better not count on that."

"I can't understand it," said David. "I thought most of the men of substance and standing would join us. But not one—!"

"They're waiting to see who wins, and there isn't much doubt who will win if we let Saul catch us here. Undisciplined men, cluttered up with women—and such women! I believe Tirzah is the only married woman in Adullam—married, that is, to the man she's with."

"What do you expect? Men must have women."

"David," said Joab abruptly, "there's one thing we can do. If Saul has brought three thousand men into Judah, he's left Gibeah practically undefended. We can slip away from him—a forced

(*Continued on page 44*)

Tom and Huck on Cardiff Hill
—*where men grow young!*

HAVE you ever heard of Cardiff Hill? It rears above Hannibal, Mo., overlooking the Mississippi River, and on it stands a bronze life-size statue of two boys.

You probably know these boys. They never lived in the sense that they "felt dawn and saw sunset glow." They dwelt in the pages of books. They are, to those of us who have spent happy hours laughing at them—and perhaps crying a little over them—the eternal symbols of American boyhood.

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. What finer memorial could be erected to Mark Twain than this statue of his imperishable characters in the very town where the famous humorist-author spent his own boyhood days?

Can it be that you are one of those who have never read Tom and Huck? Never got lost with Tom and Becky in the cave? Never floated down the Mississippi with Huck on a raft? Never laughed at lovable old Aunt Polly as she tried to discipline the irresponsible Tom? Never listened to Huck's philosophy?

If you have never done these things you are indeed unfortunate. But it is not too late. Read them and never grow old. Read them and go back to the boy paradise, back to the fragrance of locust blossoms on Cardiff Hill, close to the "Father of Waters."

These mischievous boys and their friends are only a few of the countless delightfully entertaining Twain characters whom you will encounter in the pages of his wonderful books.

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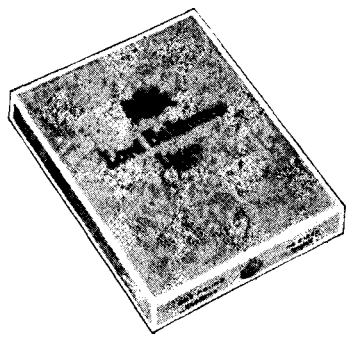

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Giant Killer

Continued from page 43

march west of Jerusalem and we could fall on Gibeah, encourage our men by letting them cut up a few dozen regulars—and you could carry off your wife."

"As God lives, that's a crack-brained scheme!"

Joab flushed; it was.

"But don't you want your wife? Your Queen!" He flushed more deeply, descending to this argument. "With Saul's daughter to give our cause a standing—"

"I've thought of that," said David. "But it's too big a risk. If two companies of regulars caught us on the march, we'd be finished."

"Yes, it's a risk. But when I remember how you fought like a lion to get her—"

David shrugged.

"Of course, Joab, I'd like to have her with me. But we can't take the risk. I must begin to think like a king."

"Yes," said Joab between set teeth. "And I must begin to think like a general. Here, you!" A man shambling across the parade ground halted and looked at him.

"An hour ago I set you as sentry at the main gate. Get back to your post."

The other looked him over with dull indifference.

"I got thirsty," he said, and moved on toward the well.

"Back to your post!"

"As soon as I get a drink."

Joab strode forward, his sword out; the other man turned, astounded, gaping, Joab's sword thrust into his throat.

"You!" Joab whirled on a group of men lounging in the shade of the wall. "To the main gate! Stay there till I relieve you!"

"Yes, sir!" They leaped up; they ran. . . . David stared down at the pool of blood soaking into the sand of the parade ground.

"As God lives!" he muttered. "Was that necessary?"

Joab shrugged.

"It worked. There's no fear of God in these loafers, but if I can make them fear me—"

David shuddered.

"Well, yes. So long as it works—"

Joab stalked away; he knew that in the eyes of the frightened men and their frightened women, who regarded him uneasily from the corners of the wall, he was hard, callous, implacable. A man to be feared. So they must look on him till he had them whipped into shape. But it cost a good deal to maintain that cold implacability. The man he had killed was no loss; the killing had taught his men to obey orders—but he doubted if his sword would have flashed with that sudden fury if he had not been hot and seething himself, seething with the discovery that Michal's husband had realized that there were other women in the world . . . Michal's husband. . . . Yet by afternoon he had begun to draw some consolation that some day he too would be aware that there were other women in the world.

SO DAVID and his men departed from Adullam, and came into the forest of Hereth.

Before the winter was over Joab had almost forgotten that there were any women in the world at all.

For Saul kept them on the run till the rains made marching impossible, and when he went back to Gibeah they knew he would come again in the spring. In that cheerless winter—a winter of short rations spent in makeshift huts in the wilderness—nine tenths of their men would have deserted if there had been any place to go. But because they had to stay they stayed, and gradually Joab made them soldiers.

But it was David who kept up their morale that winter while the rain dripped in the leaky huts; David and his harp and the new songs he was always making, songs of battle and victory. Listening to those songs, Joab more than once caught himself believing that they might beat Saul after all. David who played and sang, who laid a friendly regal hand now and then on some man's shoulder and promised him great rewards when they should come into their kingdom; David who joked with the women, fitting his wit to their raw taste. By spring all the camp feared Joab and adored David.

They had had their petty successes; once they scattered Philistine raiders who threatened Keilah, and thought they had a shelter in the grateful town—till Saul came down on them and they found the townsmen ready to open the gates, having no particular desire to die in their blazing homes for David's sake. So they had to run once more, eastward and southward, keeping robbers away from sheep on the range, coming down now and then to the ranches to claim payment for protection, with hands caressing their sword hilts if payment was slow. . . . But they ended in the leaky huts in the wilderness; and before winter was over they heard that Saul had given Michal in marriage to a nobleman of his own tribe.

"Such a thing has not been heard of in all Israel!" Abishai blazed. David had brought the news to his hut, where he and Tirzah and Joab crouched shivering. "To give a man's wife away—as if she were a widow!"

"It is a proclamation to all Israel that he regards me as dead," David agreed. "But he's mistaken. Some day I'll get her back. In the meantime—" He went out, humming a love song.

"He will take other wives," said Joab gloomily.

Abishai laughed.

"He would, anyway—David is not a one-woman man. . . . Do you remember that sheep rancher's wife up in Carmel, Joab—the man who tried to hold out on us when we came to collect? Abigail—that was her name. I heard her husband's dead—and she and David were looking each other over pretty hard that day. She's rich, too—and of the best family in Caleb. If he married her, we'd be strong here in the South."

"You couldn't expect him to take a wife from this riffraff in camp!" Tirzah observed.

"They're a shabby lot," her husband agreed. "Not much company for you."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Tirzah cheerfully. She was thin from hardship; her arms and legs had lost their plump symmetry; they were ropy with muscle like a man's; but always she was smiling. "I've got you for company." She snuggled against his shoulder.

In the spring, before Saul had come down into Judah, David married Abigail. He had taken a second wife before they fled to the Philistines.

For they had to go down to the Philistines at last, running away like whipped dogs, flinging themselves on the mercy of their enemies. They went to the Philistines because there was nowhere else to go; it was Saul's vindictive hatred that kept the pursuit at their heels—but it was Abner's shrewdness that divided the army into three columns, drawing ever nearer together, narrowing down David's field of movement, cutting off one refuge after another till at last they were cornered on the Philistine frontier.

MORE than once Joab wanted to turn and fight one of those columns; they had six hundred men now, tough and well trained; they might have a chance—a bare chance—against a thousand regulars. But always David hesitated; if they fought and lost, they lost everything. If they evaded battle, Yahweh might always vouchsafe some aid—and so at last they were cornered, at the head of a valley that led down through the western foothills; and at the foot of the valley, three miles away, the smoke of a Philistine camp. Achish, the King of Gath, had come out with a brigade of infantry and a squadron of chariots to watch Saul's movement, and they knew Saul would never dare go down into the valley. But they must go down, go down or starve—go down and give themselves up to Achish, to serve their enemies and worship strange gods. They were bitter that night around the fires.

"If only he'd let me kill him!" Abishai muttered. For once David and Abishai had crept into Saul's camp at night while the sentries slept—something

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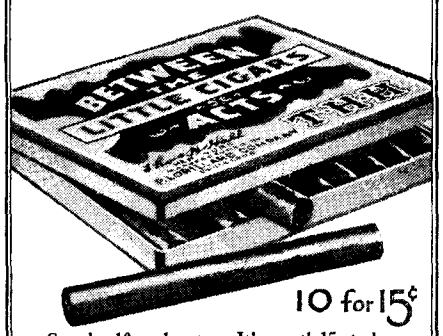

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Joab's sentries did not do—and stolen Saul's spear from his side. They had brought it back with them; he had had to humble himself and send for it. It had been a great exploit; David had made a song about it. "I wanted to kill him," he growled. "I had the spear in my hand—I'd have struck him just once. . . . But David wouldn't let me."

"And he was right," said Joab. "I didn't think so then, but I see it now. It would do no good to kill Saul if all Israel is still against us. Jonathan is friendly to us now, as far as he can be; some day Saul will die and Jonathan will take David back, restore his wife, let us go into the army. But if we killed his father he'd never rest till he hanged us all. Besides, if David is ever to be King of Israel he must prove himself—beat Saul in battle, not stab him in the night. He was right, Abishai."

"Maybe so. But at least we'd have got rid of Saul."

"We sons of Zeruiah are men of action," said Joab. "But we'd better leave the politics to David. That is his line."

Messengers went back and forth to the Philistine camp that night; and in the morning David's six hundred men, with their wives and children and baggage, left their trenches and marched off down the valley to give themselves up to Achish, while Saul's army thronged the heights above them, jeering and hooting.

WHEN David and his band presently retired to Ziklag, the frontier town Achish had given them, Joab stayed in Gath, a captain in a Philistine regiment. In a year he learned the science and art of war as the Philistines practiced it; and he learned from a gray-eyed girl in Ashkelon that there were other women in the world besides his lost Michal. . . . But he left her and came back to Gath when David sent for him—David, who had brought his men up from Ziklag to join the great army that the Philistines were mustering against Israel. Joab surveyed the inpouring contingents of that army—horse, foot, and chariots—with increasing amazement; all Philistia had mobilized—and it was time.

For Saul's wild energy had done great things. He had driven David across the frontier, stamped out all sighs and disaffection, the whole South acknowledged him as King now—Judah, Caleb, Jerahmeel: grumbling and unwilling, but he had made them obey him. And he had gone on, then, to a great, daring venture that made Joab's heart leap when he heard of it; Saul had struck the Canaanite cities, tearing up the treaty, breaking his oath and braving the vengeance of Yahweh—he had burned Beeroth and Gibeon, he was besieging Kirjath-jearim—trying to recover the Ark of God. . . . As God lives! Joab exulted when they told him. This is a King!

He reviewed David's men, inspected them; then went with Abishai to David's tent. David was stouter now, more mature: preoccupied and nervous, yet, obscurely, more and more like a king.

"Well?" he asked Joab. "What about the men?"

"Splendid! They're a regiment now, keen and self-respecting. All they want is a chance to show what they can do."

"They'll get it," said David. "This will be a great battle."

"What does Achish think chariots and cavalry can do in the hills?"

"We're not marching straight to Kirjath-jearim. We go north, along the coast plains—over the pass at Dothan and down to Jezreel, between Ephraim and the north. Saul will have to raise the siege and meet us in open country or see his kingdom cut in two."

"A good plan," Joab approved. "And it will decide the war at last. This time one nation or the other goes down. . . . I wish to God we were fighting on the other side! David, say what you like of Saul, he is a man!"

David's close-set eyes glowed sardonically; he lowered his voice:

"We may be fighting for him yet, Joab. Achish trusts me more than any of his own people. The lords of the Philistines are jealous of his power. Joab, we go into this battle as his bodyguard. Our six hundred men, bodyguard of the Philistine commander in chief!"

"Well?" said Joab, as David paused.

"Why, don't you see? We can turn the battle—either way. If the Philistines get the better of it, we fight as hard as we can—fight Saul and bear him down, pay him for all he's done to us. But if the battle goes the other way: if Saul begins to win— Then we turn on Achish! We cut him down, tear a gap in the Philistine line— Do you think Saul could refuse to pardon us after that? All Israel would cry out, make him take us back!"

"As God lives!" said Joab. "Treachery!"

David shrugged.

"Call it what you like. It's practical politics."

"When Achish took us in, saved us from Saul? No!"

"You said yourself," David reminded him, "that you wished we were fighting on the other side. But Saul would never take us back now—not till we'd proved ourselves. . . . And if the Philistines should win, Achish might make me Governor of Judah. Whoever loses, we win!"

And if we don't win, thought Joab as he went out, David can tell Achish that I betrayed him— But he wouldn't!

So the army marched northward and then east into the plain of Jezreel, where they held a grand review; and after the review Achish sent for David.

He came back presently, his head hanging, his eyes dull with despair.

"We're ordered home," he groaned. "Back to Ziklag. We're not to be allowed in the battle at all."

Joab grunted.

"So Achish saw through your scheme. He's shrewder than you thought."

"Not Achish—he still trusts me. But the lords of the Philistines told him we could earn a pardon from Saul by changing sides—"

"Too clever," said Joab. "Too clever. . . . This is the end now. Whoever wins, we lose; nobody will trust us. . . . I'm sorry, David; I didn't mean to rub it in. I'll try to keep the men from finding out—"

But there was no hope of that; the men knew by morning that they were being sent home because nobody trusted them. As they marched away they could see the Philistines behind them sweeping down the valley, brigade after brigade, toward the distant ridge where the sun glittered on the spears of Saul's army. It was a splendid sight, but there was no cheer in it for David's men; they cursed their luck, and whenever Joab and Abishai were out of earshot they cursed David.

Joab could guess what they were saying; he felt much the same way himself. They would go back to Ziklag and their families; perhaps Achish would let them stay on there, but they had no future now. . . . But the thing that hurt most, that turned him cold and bitter, was that Saul was striking today for their people and their God—and they were out of it.

But David rode silent and absorbed.

THEY came back on the third day to Ziklag, where they had left their wives and children and all that they had, and found it empty, a heap of smoking ruins.

It was the Amalekites, the camel riders of the desert: an old slave, wounded and beaten, who crawled out of shelter as they came in, told them that. They had swept up from the parched plains of the South on the undefended town and carried off women and children and everything they could carry, and had burned the rest. They had been gone two days, with all the women—

Abishai sat down heavily in the dust.

"Oh, God!" he sobbed breathlessly. "They've got Tirzah!"

Joab clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"Up and draw your sword!" he growled. "I think this is the end."

For the men had broken ranks; howling curses, they swarmed about David, where he stood in white stony silence, the sons of Zeruiah at his side.

"Down with him!" they roared. "He's betrayed us! He led us away, left our wives unprotected! Saul hates us, the Philistines hate us—and we've lost our wives! Bungler! Traitor! Down with David! Stone him to death!"

(To be continued next week)

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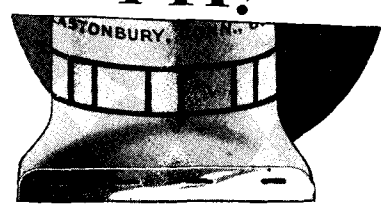

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Facts About Lipsticks

Continued from page 29

there either. After that he found himself counting the red buttons on the front of Dorcas Bramley's dress.

Her lips were very red. As red as the buttons. Whatever kind of lipstick Dorcas Bramley used, it was the *right kind.*

Timothy walked fast on his way to Dorcas Bramley's desk, because he knew perfectly well that if he did not hurry he should be overcome by the enormity of what he was going to do. He was a little breathless when he arrived, though it had not been a long walk.

"I want to ask you something," he said.

Dorcas nodded. She looked up at him. and the directness of her gaze in some strange way at once shook his resolution and enormously strengthened it. It made it harder to go on and yet all the more necessary.

"Come on up in the periodical gallery while I ask you," he blurted. "It fusses me to have all these people looking at my back."

"Maybe you'll think it's pretty presuming of me to say what I'm going to say," he blundered a moment later. "Maybe you'll think I ought not to say it until I've known you longer. But I don't feel as if I could wait. . . ."

"You're a fast worker, aren't you?" said Dorcas.

"I guess anybody has to be a fast worker if he works for your uncle," said Timothy seriously.

"That's an interesting line."

"Interesting?" said Timothy. "Is it? I haven't thought of it that way. It seems like a pretty embarrassing line for me to handle." He bent a little closer, took a deep breath and blurted it right out. "Miss Bramley, what—what kind of lipstick do you use?"

Dorcas Bramley drew back sharply. She did think he was presuming, he saw that; the color flared into her face in a quick outraged wave. Then she laughed, a little oddly. "Glow-o," she said. And added pertly, "It's the only kind we advertise here."

Timothy whipped out a notebook and a silver pencil. "How do you spell it?" he asked practically.

When Timothy had it down beyond a possibility of error, when he had made a list of the shades in which Glow-o may be had, and understood which was better for evening and which for daytime wear, and which for fair skins and which for dark, then he explained his idea more fully.

"I thought of it the minute I noticed how the red buttons on your dress *matched,*" he told her. "Now, what I thought was this: Nobody cares how lipsticks are made, and all that bunk. What people care about is how they *work.*"

"I see," said Dorcas. When Dorcas smiled it pointed her chin and made creases across her nose, so that she looked like a little girl and not nearly so terrifying. Hardly terrifying at all. Timothy put his hand down on the window ledge, where her hand happened also to be lying.

"THIS afternoon there's a dance at the Tamworth Arms," he went on eagerly, "and what I thought was, if we went up to it together, then I could ask people about their lipsticks."

"Don't be silly," said Dorcas sharply.

"I'll try not to be," agreed Timothy, "if you'll go." And when Dorcas did not answer: "I should think a research assistant would be willing to assist in research. You see, it's going to look a little bit sudden, my walking up alone to a girl I don't know, and asking her about her lipstick. She might not always like it. You see how it might have seemed to you if you hadn't known I was working for your uncle and there wasn't anything *personal* in it."

Dorcas Bramley had seen presumptuous young men and bold young men and shy and stupid and wild young men, but she had never seen a young man like Timothy Ware.

"The first thing," he was saying, "is to find out how popular Glow-o is. And the next thing is to find out what makes it popular: how it looks, I mean, and how it wears. . . ."

"Wears?"

"Yes. Whether it would stand . . . hard usage."

"Hard usage?"

"Well, yes," said Timothy in a rush. "What I mean is . . . kissing."

Dorcas laughed again a little. "You mean you want to go round kissing all the girls at that tea to find out how their lipstick stands it?"

"Oh, no!" cried Timothy in horror. "No. Not that." He looked down at her, vivid and beautiful, standing there before him, her lips just faintly parted. "I think a better way would be to kiss the same girl quite a number of times."

THAT afternoon Timothy went with Dorcas Bramley to the tea dance at the Tamworth Arms. He drove up in a rackety small car of uncertain lineage, and parked it proudly among the shining Super Eights and Overseas Specials, and helped Dorcas out.

"It's got parts in it from twenty-seven different kinds of cars," he told her proudly.

Once inside, however, there was nothing to distinguish Timothy Ware from the rest of a highly superior gathering—nothing, that is, unless it were his height or the furious blondness of his hair or the enormous seriousness of his blue eyes or the way he caught his breath when he saw Dorcas with her coat off. Dorcas Bramley in blue serge was sufficiently upsetting. But Dorcas Bramley in beige lace, with very long tight sleeves and very long gold earrings, was a sight to turn the heart right over.

"We might just have one dance first," he suggested shyly.

Nothing in his whole life so far had ever happened to Timothy so completely satisfying as that one dance with Dorcas. In the course of it he forgot all about the Gildersleeve Advertising Agency and facts and lipsticks and Mr. Singleton Barracks. He forgot everything except the feel of Dorcas' young body there in the curve of his arm, the marvel of her nearness.

"Afterwards," Dorcas teased him, "you can take a look at yourself and see if any of my lipstick has rubbed off on your coat.

Timothy was quick to accept rebuke. He had asked Dorcas to come to help him with business, and here he was dancing with her as if he hadn't a care in the world. He must show her that he didn't mean to take advantage of her kindness.

"We won't need to dance any more after this one," he said hastily. "We'll get down to business."

"Oh, for that matter," said Dorcas, "we don't need to finish this."

Actually she stopped. Timothy had not expected her to be quite so literal. They got down to business right away.

Dorcas caught the flying blue skirts of a jolly-looking little redhead, and swung her toward them. This, it appeared, was Miss Betty Topham. "Betty," said Dorcas Bramley, "Mr. Ware wants to kiss you."

"I don't either," cried Timothy in a panic. This was not the help he had expected from Dorcas. He could feel himself growing crimson purple, for all he knew. He blundered into explanation. "Of course I don't mean that exactly. I'd just as soon kiss you as anybody. Only what I mean is it isn't a question of kissing; it's just a purely business proposal. . . ."

Betty Topham squealed with laughter. "This is so sudden. . . ."

"Oh, I don't mean proposal," cried Timothy. "Not proposal. Proposition. Just a business proposition. . . ."

"Aren't you funny?" giggled Betty Topham.

"WHAT I mean is," cried Timothy—"it isn't kissing I'm interested in, anyway. It's lips. I mean it's sticks. I mean—" If Dorcas had not been there, it would not have been so bad.

"Is he crazy?" Betty Topham asked. "Or just being initiated?"

"That's it," cried Timothy, ready to catch at anything. "Initiated. Business initiation. I'm advertising lipsticks, and I want to know what kind you use."

"How perfectly fascinating!"

"Isn't it!" said Timothy bitterly.

If Betty Topham had not been the person she was, the whole thing might have ended differently. She was a pretty, shallow little girl who had always had too much money and too much admiration and was already immensely bored with everything. To her Timothy was a great big beautiful blond hero out of the business world, who caught

"Tell me, my little man, have you any tabloids?"
"Yessir, I did have but the doctor cut 'em out"

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her facile imagination because he was not interested in her; and lipsticks was a wonderful new game. In ten minutes Timothy was surrounded by a giggling group of young things, all displaying lipsticks in chased gold holders to his astonished gaze and drinking scalding tea and ice-cold punch to show him that the right kind just simply would not wash off. Betty kept bringing up one friend after another.

Timothy stood in the midst of them, jabbing his notebook full of facts and blushing furiously. It was pretty awful, but some of it would have been kind of fun if Dorcas had been different.

At first Dorcas had brought up people too from time to time, but afterwards she went off and danced with just about everybody and acted awfully queer. When Timothy passed her on his way to the conservatory with Betty Topham to make a study of the effect of gin cocktails on cosmetics, Dorcas looked at him as if she might be collecting facts about crazy young business men.

"You ought to go to the Westcotts' dance," Betty Topham was saying. "There'll be lots of lipsticks there!"

Timothy's glance flew appealingly to Dorcas.

"Don't look at me," said Dorcas shortly. "I'm going with Singleton Barracks. You can't expect me to work day *and* night."

For the second time her words brought Timothy back to the solid earth with a good hard bump. This afternoon was not a party for Dorcas Bramley. Going to a tea dance with Timothy Ware was just one of the duties of the Gildersleeve research assistant.

It was not a tactful time for Singleton Barracks to drop in, after the office closed, and take it for granted that he was going to dance with Dorcas quite a lot. He glared at Timothy, and Timothy glared back again with interest.

"You can go to the Westcotts' dance with me," said Betty Topham.

"Thank you," said Timothy miserably.

After that day the rivalry that developed between Timothy and Barracks was given point and purpose when it became known that there was to be an opening in the statistical department at Gildersleeve's—and only one.

Presently, in some obscure way, success in landing this job became a symbol of success with Dorcas Bramley. It was not, of course, that Dorcas herself ever gave reason for such a supposition. Timothy put it simply to himself that you just couldn't make love to a girl like Dorcas Bramley until you had succeeded at something. But Barracks strode up and down, with that devastating assurance of glance and gesture, and said openly that he would not be beaten by that squirt, not if he knew himself.

There were a good many moments, first and last, when Timothy believed him.

IN SOME ways the lipstick campaign did not go so badly. The rows of facts and figures in Timothy's pocket notebook grew day by day. He began his study of the relation of lipstick to popularity. He began a list of engaged girls in which all the best young ladies were anxious to be included. He began to make inquiries about divorce courts and the wages of business women. He wrote letters and sent out questionnaires and took trips to surrounding towns. By the time Betty Topham had lost interest there were many to take her place.

"I believe you'd run around with anybody who owns a lipstick," Dorcas said to him once.

"Well, of course," said Timothy, "I'm working for your uncle. . . ."

"M'm," said Dorcas Bramley.

Timothy estimated whimsically that if everyone who helped him received 75 cents an hour, his pay roll would have been $856.35 a day. Dorcas was no end amused when he told her. But it was just his hard luck that he should have lost the card on which he made this calculation in the place where it would do least good.

There were days when Timothy felt discouraged. These fits took him most frequently when he saw Singleton Barracks, entrenched behind his galaxy of card indexes and clippings and fat notebooks, working out a history of matches from that first day a spark was struck between two sticks in the door of a cave. This was the sort of thing to appeal to Mr. Amos Gildersleeve. But it was too late to go back now. Besides, Timothy would not have gone back, even if he could.

Dorcas Bramley maintained an impartial attitude admirable in a research assistant. If she went often with Timothy to tea or dance or country club—and she went more frequently as the end of the month drew near and statistics grew more complicated—still she never failed to provide the dusty tomes, the rare pamphlets, the out-of-print monographs which Singleton Barracks found necessary to his work. More than that—and this was the deuce of it—she went out with Singleton Barracks every night or two.

Timothy Ware, jotting down in some obscure corner the fact that Mrs. Rudolf Aberg, divorced September 2d, boasted of never having used a lipstick in her life, was oppressed by the sight of Dorcas Bramley, vivid as a flame, warm and lovely and far away, dancing and dancing with Mr. Singleton Barracks. The sight drove him almost frantic.

DORCAS was not always so difficult as she had been that first day. One day they talked about places to go on honeymoons, and Dorcas said that if she couldn't go to the Canary Islands she would hardly bother to be married. They had had a trying afternoon, catching up the loose ends of lipsticks vs. unemployment, and Dorcas leaned against Timothy, relaxed and at ease, as his car went roaring down the road to town. Timothy stirred a little, so that it brought Dorcas' head against his shoulder. He was excited and happy, and said that, now she mentioned it, it seemed as if the Canary Islands would be just about perfect. But afterward when he heard Barracks talking about the Canary Islands too, and saying that he meant to go there some time, he was not so pleased.

And then, of course, the thing happened that Timothy should have foreseen from the beginning. It was three days before the month of trial was up, and they had gone out, he and Dorcas, to the country club at Far View to get final reports from a few engaged girls that Timothy needed to complete his list; they had had to go down to the eleventh hole to see Miss Leona Tompkins, who was playing in the October tournament. They returned through a woodsy bit beyond the ninth, beside a tiny pond that was really only a water hazard but looked good enough to be real. It was a very gay day, with the sun very bright, and all the trees in scarlet; and Dorcas was very gay too in a close-fitting red jersey, that made her look like an imp, and a small red hat cocked over one eye. She had been nice to him that day too, and that was why it happened.

"That just about finishes your list, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Almost," said Timothy. But he was not thinking about lipsticks. "You know," he said, "you've been pretty nice about this—helping me, and all."

"That's all right," said Dorcas quickly. "That's my job." She added, "Besides, I'm interested in lipsticks."

"Are you interested in . . . matches too?"

"Some things about matches," said Dorcas. "For instance, the . . . manufacturing end."

"Matchmaking," Timothy said slowly. Dorcas was looking up at him, sidewise, from under the brim of her hat. It was that look of hers that did it. The question just popped out: "Are you engaged to Singleton Barracks?" All of a sudden Timothy had to know.

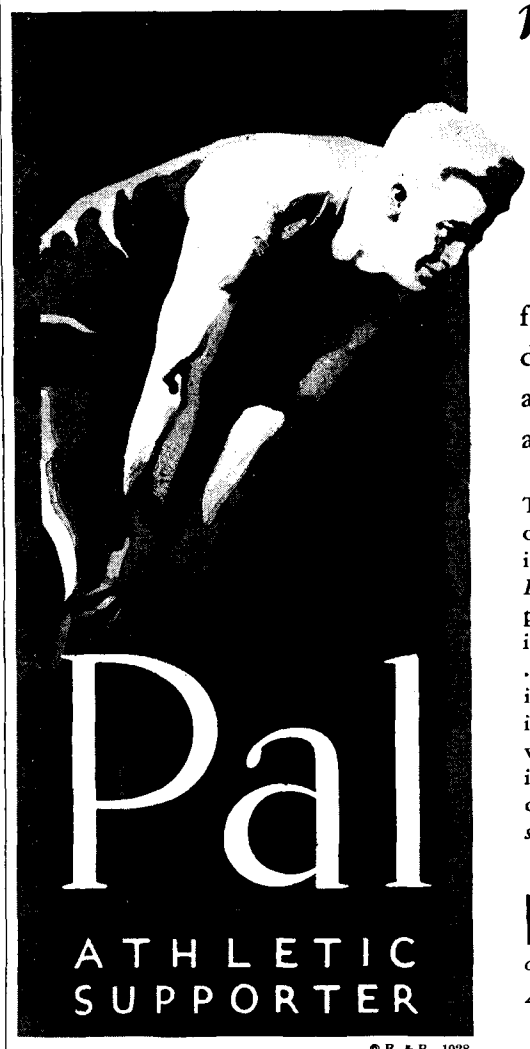
Dorcas drew a little away from him. Unmistakably there was scorn in her voice. "If I am," she said, "I suppose you want to know how my lipstick stands it. I never saw anybody like you, Timothy Ware. I think you're perfectly unbearable. All you care about anybody is just for her old *lipstick*. . . ."

It was the injustice of it that stung Timothy. It was not like Dorcas to be unjust. And that was how it happened.

Timothy Ware whirled upon her: just one quick, unforeseen movement.

(*Continued on page 48*)

For safety in Exercise
wear a PAL



Even in swimming, there is danger to sensitive cords and membranes, if left unguarded. Indeed, for exercise of *any* kind, from golfing to the daily dozen, the wearing of an athletic supporter is a safe and sane precaution.

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The softer you are, or the further out of training you get, the greater is the need for this protection . . . *Play Safe* . . . and wear a PAL! It's the preferred athletic supporter of leading colleges, "gyms" and physicians . . . Knitted of covered elastic threads, it affords great comfort and flexibility. Light, cool, porous and washable . . . Gives firm support in the heat of any game . . . At all drug stores . . . one dollar. *{Price slightly higher in Canada.}*

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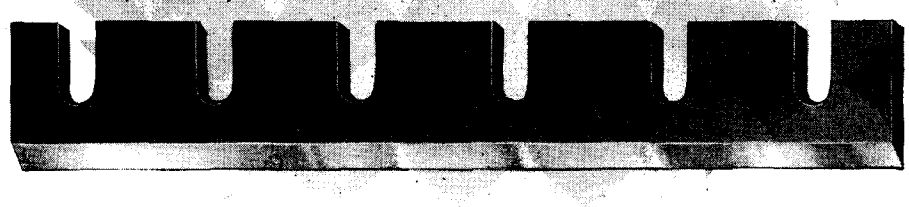

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No time for YALE *took college home*

"Fifteen Minutes a Day is indeed a valuable adjunct to The Harvard Classics and I constantly consult it with profit and delight. Here is a college education within the reach of everyone—knowledge stripped of its dull components and presented with attractive succinctness. The Reading Guide may be opened at random; a subject heading selected by chance, and an enchanting quarter of an hour is the reader's who will add to his education and pleasure.

"A cynic of my acquaintance, consulted by a young lady in love with an impecunious youth, advised her as follows: 'With love I have no quarrel, but I doubt if poverty is soluble in love. My dear girl, it is just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as it is with a poor one.'

"The application here is obvious. 'It is just as easy to read good books as it is to read rubbish.'"—H. C. WITWER.

—says H. C. Witwer

H. C. WITWER, popular short story writer, confessed that he had acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his current stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I use it constantly for inspiration, reference, and mental calisthenics, you should see the well-thumbed pages.

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In response to further inquiries, Witwer said that he has been successively a newsboy, soda jerk, circus publicity writer, sports editor, and short story writer. "I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

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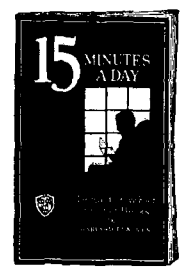

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Facts About Lipsticks

Continued from page 47

And the next instant Dorcas' red hat was on the ground and Dorcas' red lips were crushed under Timothy's. A whole month's worth of self-control went into that one moment. He kissed her over and over, over and over. *Hard.*

For just a breath's space Dorcas was too thoroughly startled to resist. The next instant she was struggling against him in a frenzy of revolt. "Oh, what a horrid thing to do!" she cried. "You mean, disgusting, *mercantile* thing! I *hate* you!"

Timothy Ware's hands dropped stiffly to his sides. And Dorcas whirled away from him and ran, a shaking, furious imp in scarlet, and left her red hat lying at his feet.

DORCAS BRAMLEY did not come to work the next morning. She sent word that she was ill, and a large pair of bone-rimmed spectacles, that concealed some perfectly negligible female, took her place at the reference desk. Dorcas was away three days, while Timothy labored alone over final lipstick details, and Singleton Barracks brought his history of matches right down to the morning of October 30, 1927. Timothy did not spend much time in the office. He found it impossible to work there, because he was too busy glaring at Singleton Barracks.

Most of the time Timothy spent hating himself. He had been a prize fool now, all right. Even if he got the job, it wouldn't make any difference. He imagined a really remarkable scene, in which, having secured the position, he would hand it over to Barracks, because Dorcas was going to marry him. But Timothy didn't imagine *that* long. It was easier to imagine a scene in which he should assist Mr. Barracks over the edge of a precipice with the toe of a hobnailed boot.

On the morning of the fourth day Timothy drove to the Gildersleeve Advertising Agency at his customary hour. The month was up. He caught sight of two persons walking along the avenue. There was no mistaking them, even from the rear. Timothy did not need to see the red buttons up the front of that blue dress to know that it belonged to Dorcas Bramley. No one except Singleton Barracks ever had such perfect trousers legs. Upon an impulse Timothy honked his horn and drew in to the curb.

Barracks and Dorcas both turned. So also did everyone else along the street not deaf or paralytic. It was that kind of horn.

Timothy climbed down from the car and pulled off one of his driving gloves. "Give you a lift?" he offered. Then he put the glove back on again because it was obvious that he was not going to need to shake hands with anybody. Five hundred years ago he would have thrown the glove down at Barracks' feet, and Barracks would have picked it up and slapped it across Timothy's good straight nose, and their hands would have flown to their swords. But this was October, 1927, so Timothy was polite to Mr. Barracks.

"Miss Bramley is walking with me," Mr. Barracks pointed out.

"She wouldn't be if she were riding with me," said Timothy.

Dorcas Bramley had been ill; there was no doubt of that. She was pale, and the shadows underneath her eyes looked as dark as the shadowing lashes.

"We might as well ride," she said, a little wearily, and took a step forward.

"Not in that," said Barracks. He caught Dorcas by the elbow and tried to pull her back.

But Dorcas gave her elbow a little twitch. "Yes, in this," she said. Timothy held the door wider, unmindful of the strain upon the hinges, and Dorcas stepped in. Barracks, perforce, stepped in after her. He and Timothy exchanged a look over Dorcas' head; at this point five hundred years ago somebody would have been killed.

It was not a long drive after that to the Gildersleeve Advertising Agency, but it was long enough. Barracks leaned forward and scrutinized the hood of the radiator, where successive coats of paint had given it an oddly dappled look.

"Measles?" he inquired.

"I know it isn't much to look at," said Timothy, "but it's a sweet little car for the money."

"What money?" asked Barracks.

"All the money I had," said Timothy. "It's going like a bird on all two cylinders. Don't you hear it?"

"Hear it?" cried Barracks. "I heard it ten blocks off. I suppose you've got your facts about lipsticks at your tongue's end."

"In my pocket," said Timothy.

"Your pocket!" Barracks mocked him. "My facts about matches are in five filing boxes and two notebooks of 300 pages each."

"I've seen people in my life," said Timothy, "who could make a little go a long way."

He brought the car to a stop in front of the Gildersleeve entrance with such violence that Barracks, reaching for the door, flew out upon the pavement with unexpected vim. Singleton Barracks did not often permit himself to be angry; it was not quite the perfect thing to do. But he was too angry now for caution. As Dorcas passed him, to go inside, he flung about at Timothy.

"You ought to know as much about that as anybody," he snapped out. "Don't you suppose I could see what you've been up to here? You didn't come because you had any interest in advertising. All you wanted was a chance to hang round Dorcas. And don't you fool yourself that Mr. Gildersleeve doesn't know it, either."

Mr. Singleton Barracks swung about in a perfect half circle and disappeared after Dorcas through the door.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE was sitting behind his desk, a round, shining, figure of success; when he looked up his eyes were like bright lights glowing in a hedge of eyebrows. Beside him on a table stood five filing boxes and two leather notebooks of 300 pages each. Barracks had been there already, then. The sight made Timothy feel foolish with nothing to show but one small salmon-pink card gripped between his fingers. But he stepped right forward just the same and laid the card before Mr. Gildersleeve.

At the top, in Mr. Gildersleeve's own grudging hand, appeared the words:

FACTS ABOUT LIPSTICKS

And underneath:

Total No. young women interviewed	19,436
Users of Glow-o	14,771
All other makes	4,665
Reasons for choice of Glow-o:	
Superior appearance	9,114
Superior wearing qualities	10,322

Glow-o impervious to effects of: Hot tea, cold punch, coffee, cocoa, milk, ginger ale, gin cocktails, plain gin, rain, 26 ordinary kisses, 4 kisses extraordinary.

Glow-o vs. popularity:
Of 579 girls, engaged in past six mo., 578 used lipstick. 501 used Glow-o.

Glow-o vs. divorce:
Of 93 women divorced in past 6 mo., 80 used no lipstick. None used Glow-o.

Glow-o vs. wages:
Of 9,872 girls, receiving increased salary in past 6 mo., 9,856 used lipstick. 8,999 used Glow-o.

Mr. Gildersleeve read this all through. He read it through twice. He was never a loquacious man, either in praise or blame; he tapped the card before him with his thumb.

"These are facts," he said. "We can use 'em. *But*," he went on before hope could even stir in Timothy, "it has been reported that you often absented yourself from the office during business hours. It has been reported that you did not make this investigation without help. Is this correct?"

"Yes, sir," said Timothy.

"It has been reported," Mr. Gilder-

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sleeve continued, drawing forward another card that Timothy recognized only too well, "that if you had paid for assistance received at 75 cents per hour, your pay roll would have been $856.35 a day. Is this correct also?"

"Yes, sir," said Timothy.

"I've always found," said Mr. Gildersleeve deliberately, "that the best workers are the ones that know how to make other people work for 'em. I'm that way myself."

"Then—you didn't give the job to Barracks?"

"Barracks?" said Mr. Gildersleeve. "Oh, no. I wouldn't have a telltale in my organization, even if he didn't run all to theories instead of to facts." He added instantly: "And there's only one thing that keeps me from giving the job to you."

"What's that?" asked Timothy faintly.

"We've just got a big contract," said Mr. Gildersleeve, "from the E-Konomi-Kal Kitchen Kabinet people. But the one that takes that assignment ought to be a married man."

It was at that instant that the door from the corridor opened and Dorcas Bramley appeared upon the threshold. The red buttons on her dress were not half so red as Dorcas' red lips. Nothing was ever half so blue as Dorcas' blue eyes.

"I couldn't wait," she said. "I had to know. I heard what Barracks said to you, there at the door. Timothy—that about why you came here—was it . . . true?"

"Yes," said Timothy huskily.

DORCAS threw back her head in a quick proud upward sweep; she took a step forward. "Oh, Timothy," she said—and she put out her hands in a gesture of triumph and surrender—"Oh, *Timothy.* And I thought all you cared about was just my—lipstick."

Timothy caught her hands in his—drew her toward him. But across her shoulder he managed to fling a word to Mr. Gildersleeve.

"Perhaps that objection of yours," he said, "can be—arranged."

It was then that Mr. Amos Gildersleeve displayed a quality that had made the little round red man a power in the business world. "Is that a fact?" said Mr. Gildersleeve. And he went quickly out by a rear door, and left them to arrange it.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

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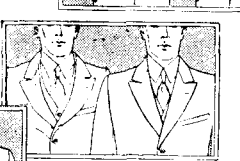
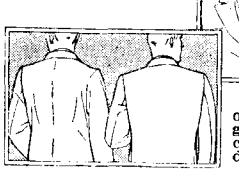
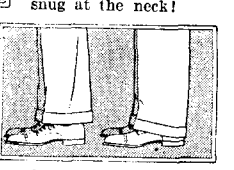


Another tell-tale mark of poor fit. Lapels roll gracefully only when the coat has been skilfully draped to your posture.



Padding of Shoulders will not prevent underarm sagging of a poorly fitted coat. It must be cut and draped to fit the shoulder slope.



Only when they are cut expressly for the wearer can you be sure the trousers will hang correctly and fit comfortably.

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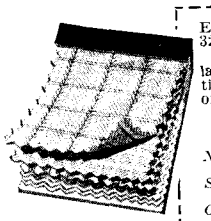

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Thomas H. Beck
Editorial Director

William L. Chenery, *Editor*

Charles Colebaugh
Managing Editor

Weather

DO YOU think that the weather has been hotter or colder, drier or wetter than the normal summer you see in your mind's eye?

Well, take it from the men who look at thermometers and write down what they read, it isn't so. The weather hasn't changed. The change is in us. Six months hence we'll be talking about the mildness—or the severity—of February and how the weather has changed from the good old days.

Almost everything we say and believe about the weather when the temperatures are high or low is full of error. Most glaring is the belief that the weather man is usually wrong. He isn't. Nearly nine times out of ten he is as correct as a train dispatcher and much more willing to tell what he knows.

Furthermore, he is getting more accurate. Aviation has helped him.

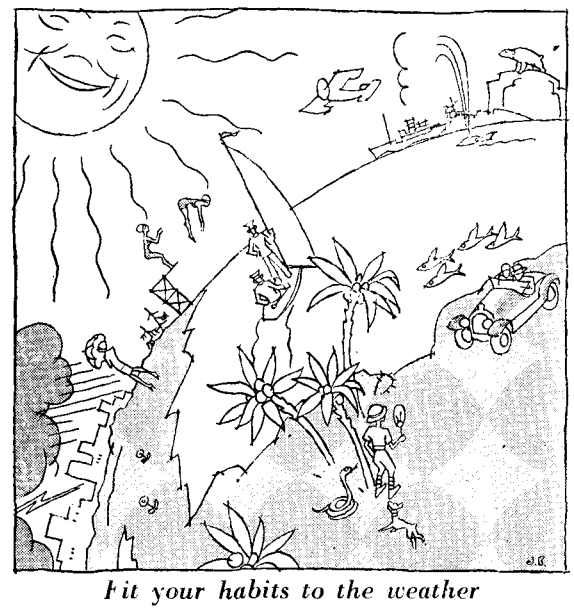
So along the transcontinental routes observers are at work. From kites, balloons and airplanes reports are made and the movements of storms are being calculated with a precision never before possible.

One group of scientists think that the sun spots which seem to have seasons of their own affect powerfully the weather. According to these investigators our weather comes in cycles. They say storms on the earth are associated with the appearance of sun spots. Other scientists think that the case is not proven. Whatever the connection may be, the sun spots appear to follow a routine and so what was will come again in due season.

But we feel slight differences very keenly. Some of the most uncomfortable days show temperatures not high in the eighties. Wind, moisture and air pressure make the difference.

We like to exaggerate our memories of the weather. The hottest day recorded in an American city came one July in Yuma, Ariz., when the temperature reached the 120 mark. The hottest place on earth is Azizia in Tripoli. In 1924 a summer temperature of 136.4 was read there. Death Valley, California, is almost as hot.

But how you take the weather depends on you as much as on the weather. Voltaire pointed out that abstinence from wine was a good rule in Arabia, where heat is excessive. He thought that Mohammed would not have been "dry" in Switzerland.



Fit your habits to the weather

If you accommodate your habits to the weather, anything is tolerable and nearly everything is enjoyable.

The way to enjoy whatever weather comes is to keep fit. Eat enough but not too much. Exercise if you are accustomed to physical exertion. Let your work absorb your attention while you are at it. Read, play some quiet game, go swimming, or do whatever else interests you, when work is past. Get as much sleep as you can.

You won't then care much what the weather produces. If it is disagreeable your mind will be on something else and if it is good you can get pleasure out of talking about it.

American Slavery

A NEW YORK electric company is building for a California power company a turbine generator that will develop more than twice the muscle power of all the slaves in the United States before the Civil War.

That power will serve people by the hundred thousand with little more exertion on their part than has to be given to the direction of employed labor. It will spare the backs and speed the brains of every man within reach.

The production and employment of electric energy has within the last few years emancipated more men than Lincoln's Civil War proclamation. The war against the sleeping power giant has been won with a negligible fraction of the human sacrifice that went into the Civil War, and infinitely more hard thinking.

Star Gazers

WHEN we want to say that a man has no sense about practical affairs we call him a star gazer. Yet if you wonder what is behind all the noise and fuss of human life on earth, star gazing is one of the most practical things you can do. August and September, in American latitudes, are good months in which to try it. Choose a clear moonless night, lie on your back, and forget business and politics.

Long ago the Hebrew shepherd, peering into the abysses of space from his desert hillside, marveled at the remote points of light and asked despairingly if the Power which had made them could also be mindful of man.

Since then we have learned much. The last twenty years alone have added more to our knowledge of the stars than all the generations between David's time and Darwin's. We know that there are at least five thousand million of them, among which our sun is as insignificant as a small boy on his first day at school. Astronomers say that some of the nebulæ are so far away that it takes what they call two hundred thousand *light* years for their rays to reach us.

It is hard for the ordinary mind to get anything like a mental picture of this vast distance. Stating it in miles is out of the question, for a light year is the distance over which light travels in a year's time, and it travels at the rate of 186,284 miles per second. Therefore we never see the stars as they are. We see them as they were hundreds, thousands or millions of years ago.

These facts are perhaps the most appalling the human mind has ever had to face. They seem to reduce all our hopes and achievements to less than nothing. Yet science has also found out that the universe is all alike. Everything comes down at last to the infinitely small particles which make up matter—the protons and electrons, as they are called for want of better names. Our bodies, the paper upon which this is printed, the baby's shoe, all the dear and intimate things that surround us, are built up of exactly the same stuff as the nebula in Andromeda.

Sir Francis Younghusband, meditating upon this riddle during long nights and years of lonely desert travel, came to the conclusion that this unity was not accidental, that behind it was a purpose, and that behind the purpose was an all-pervading love. He still believes that other worlds may contain higher forms of life than this one, and that we ourselves may progress toward those forms. He thinks the pain and struggle of human existence may have the meaning which the great religions in all generations have tried to give it.

Science does not deny the possibility. It is more humble than it used to be. It leaves us the chance to believe and to hope.

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ROLLING A WHITE-HOT INGOT IN THE ARMCO MILLS

Cutting the World's Rust-Fire Bill

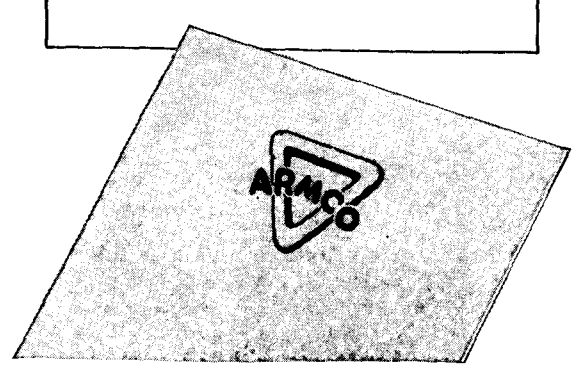
RUST is fire! Metal burns too slowly to see; but the waste rust-fire lays is staggering. Every year it consumes industrial equipment worth millions; shuts down busy plants for costly repairs; cuts profits.

The Armco mills have been fighting rust-fire for all industry—by making iron so pure that it resists rust effectively. *Armco* ingot iron is practically free from the impurities that hasten rust in steels and other irons.

Business men everywhere have come to depend upon *Armco* ingot iron for long-time service wherever sheet metal is used. To meet this growing demand, wholly new manufacturing methods have been worked out in the Armco mills. These important developments mark a new era in the iron and steel industry; they have increased the production of *Armco* ingot iron by thousands of tons.

For railroad cars, coal handling equipment, industrial buildings, tanks, smoke stacks, manufactured products—and all other rust-exposed sheet metal work—*Armco* ingot iron is the enduring, low-cost material. Moreover, this pure iron is unusually ductile and easy to work.

ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST



Whether you are going to build, repair, or make a sheet iron product, you will save money by insisting that every sheet of metal used bear the Armco Triangle.

***And in the* HOME** Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on galvanized *Armco* ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, metal lath . . . and other metal parts about a house. When you build or repair, look for the sheet metal shop that displays the Armco Sign.

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RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the evidence of this fire.*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SPECIAL ANALYSIS IRON AND STEEL SHEETS

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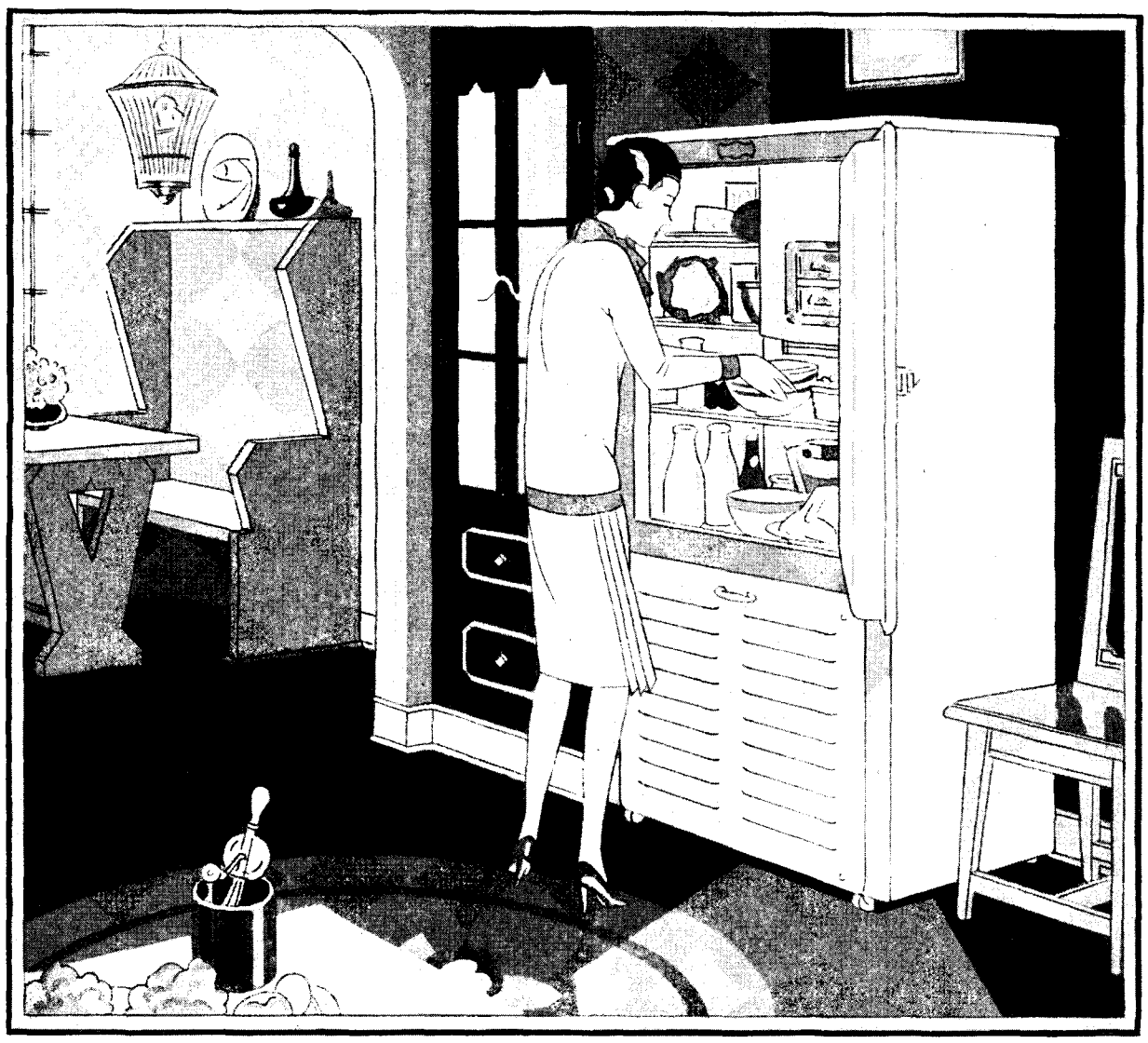
FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY



Powered to freeze ice quickly . . . always

ICE CUBES tinkling in beaded glasses. You want them and need them the year around. And that's *one* reason you're thinking of buying an electric refrigerator.

When you put water into the Frigidaire trays to be frozen you're never disappointed. No matter how hot the weather, it freezes quickly . . . solidly . . . all the way through.

It takes surplus power to give *safe, dependable* refrigeration, and to freeze ice cubes quickly and surely . . . always. This surplus power is built into every Frigidaire, and the powerful Frigidaire mechanism is completely concealed, completely out of sight. There's nothing to mar Frigidaire's practical beauty.

This wide margin of reserve power does not add to the cost of operation. This master automatic refrigerator actually pays for itself in ice and food savings. This economy of operation is the direct result of Frigidaire and General Motors mechanical experience. Such unique features as the Frigidaire fan and the V-belt drive, carefully tested over long periods, have proven their value in providing efficient, low-cost operation.

Let Frigidaire pay for itself as you pay for it

If you care to buy Frigidaire on a deferred payment plan, as most people do, the first payment can be so small and General Motors terms so liberal, that Frigidaire will actually pay for itself as you pay for it. Not only in summer and winter ice savings, but in the prevention of food spoilage and the chance to buy food in larger quantities. You need Frigidaire in your home today to protect your family's health, to provide ice cubes and frozen delicacies. Telephone your Frigidaire dealer today.

And remember, Frigidaire pays for itself as you pay for it. So why put it off any longer? Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE

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